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STORIES
OF
SPANISH LIFE.
VOL. I.



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STORIES
OF
SPANISH LIFE,

FROM THE GERMAN OF HUBER.

EDITED BY LIEUT.-COL. CRAUFURD,

OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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LONDON :
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TO

LORD ELIOT,

THIS TRANSLATION OF

HUBER'S SKIZZEN AUS SPANIEN,

IS DEDICATED BY

THE TRANSLATOR.

PREFACE.

SELECTIONS from Huber's *Skizzen aus Spanien*, appeared in the *Athenæum* in the winter of 1835, and were remarked by some persons well acquainted with the Peninsula, as affording, even in the imperfect form of Extracts, so lively and faithful a picture of the manners and customs of the people, that they were anxious to possess an English version of the entire work.

The translator's attention was in this way invited to the perusal of Huber's work, and, completely satisfied of the accuracy of the delineations of life in Spain, from their perfect

agreement with the impressions and recollections which two visits to that country have left on his own mind, he was induced to undertake the task of giving it to the English public.

Huber was, undoubtedly, thoroughly acquainted with Spain, particularly with the South. He has observed, with great accuracy, the interesting localities of the country, and must have associated familiarly with the different classes, to have described their character, feelings, and manners, with so much spirit and fidelity.

A short Historical Introduction, containing the events from 1820 to 1823, has been added, to enable the reader to connect the scenes in the following pages with the history of that period.

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE scenes delineated in the following sketches are, for the most part, founded on historical facts, drawn from that unsettled period of modern Spanish history, which is included between the proclamation of the Constitution of 1812, by Riego, in the year 1820, and the final occupation of Spain by the French army under the Duke d'Angoulême in 1823. It will therefore, it is hoped, not be deemed unprofitable to present the reader, before he commences the perusal of the sketches themselves, with a brief preparatory narrative of the events which occurred between the two epochs referred to, in order to recall to his memory the exact position of affairs in Spain, at that period, and thus to

enable him, by having the course of events fresh in his recollection, to perceive the relation of the sketches to each other, and to fill up in his mind the intervals which may be supposed to occur between them.

Since the restoration of Ferdinand to the throne of Spain in 1814, all the endeavours of that monarch had been directed to the recovery of that absolute authority, which the kings of Spain had exercised from the time of Charles V. In his eager prosecution of this object, Ferdinand had shown much cruelty and ingratitude towards those persons, who, aided by the liberal institutions formed for the occasion, had succeeded in delaying the progress of the French armies, and had preserved the independence of the country, till the assistance of Great Britain, in conjunction with their own exertions, enabled the Spaniards to expel the French from their soil, and replace their rightful sovereign on the throne.

Great and general discontent had been excited by this conduct on the part of Ferdinand, and the desire for a more liberal system of

government, had rather been strengthened than suppressed by the severities which were exercised towards its advocates. Many of the principal officers of the army were dissatisfied, and their feelings had communicated themselves to all classes of that body. The unpopular expedition to South America, for which the troops were collected in the neighbourhood of Cadiz, in the year 1819, had brought those feelings to a climax; and the insurrection of the troops in the month of June of that year, which was only suppressed by the influence and energy of Count Abisbal, sufficiently showed that the elements of disorganization were widely diffused, and might at any moment prove uncontrollable.

The insurrection of June, 1819, having been suppressed, the government proceeded with renewed eagerness, to complete the necessary preparations for the expedition to South America; and 16,000 troops were assembled for the purpose of embarkation, in the Isla de Leon and its vicinity. But the expedition was not less unpopular with the army now than it had been in the preceding year. There was no prospect

of any counterbalancing advantage, to reconcile either officers or men to an enterprise, the scene of which was so distant, and the chance of honour and success so small; and the repugnance with which the troops looked forward to service, in a remote country, under an unfavourable climate, was changed into indignation against the government, when they found that it had not even provided secure vessels for transporting them to the scene where their arduous exertions were to commence. Even the troops which had been prevailed upon, by the arguments of Count Abisbal, to act against their comrades, for the purpose of putting down the insurrection of 1819, had only consented to do so, upon receiving a promise that they should be exempted from the obnoxious service. Moreover, the Government felt so little confidence in Abisbal himself, that he was shortly afterwards removed from the station in which he had rendered such important services.

Under these circumstances, and with such sentiments prevailing in the army of the Isla, and probably shared by many other corps, as

well as by the majority of citizens in the great towns, it is not surprising that the occasion should have appeared, to the leaders of the constitutional party, peculiarly favourable to an attempt to subvert the existing order of Government. If this opportunity should be allowed to escape, so promising a combination of circumstances might never again present itself. The dislike of the troops to the service they were about to be engaged in, and their indignation at finding that the vessels which had been prepared were unfit for the sea, might easily be converted into settled disaffection to the Government, and into a desire to abolish a system, under which the lives of the soldiers were thus wantonly exposed, in ill-concocted and hopeless enterprises. The constitutional leaders determined to profit to the utmost, and as speedily as possible, by the advantageous opening thus presented to them, of introducing a more liberal form of Government; and the officers of the army being chiefly Liberals, and united as members of the society of Freemasons, little difficulty was found in organizing a conspiracy

for the purpose of gaining over the army, and proclaiming under its sanction the constitution promulgated by the Cortes at Cadiz in 1812.

The persons fixed upon as the leaders of this enterprise, were Colonel Riego, an officer commanding a battalion of the regiment of the Asturias, and Lieut.-Col. Quiroga, who had been implicated in the insurrection of the preceding year, and was at this time a prisoner in a neighbouring convent. It was agreed, that on the 1st January, Quiroga should effect his escape from the convent where he was confined, and after joining two battalions which were quartered at Alcalà de los Gazules, should proceed with these towards Cadiz, and endeavour to surprise the town. On the same day Riego, with his battalion, was to proclaim the Constitution at Las Cabezas, and instantly to march to Los Arcos, for the purpose of endeavouring to gain possession of the person of the Commander-in-Chief, the Count de Calderon, and such other officers as were supposed to be unfavourable to the designs of the conspirators.

This plan was successfully executed in part only:—for though Quiroga effected his escape, and joined the troops at Alcalà, yet he was so delayed by various unexpected obstacles in his march towards Cadiz, that the garrison gained intelligence of his design, and instantly occupied the strong work of the Cortadura, which defends the approach to the city.

Riego, on his part, having proclaimed the Constitution at day-break, on the 1st of January, proceeded without delay to Los Arcos, where he succeeded in his design of arresting the Count de Calderon and his staff, whom he compelled to swear to the Constitution. He then proceeded to join Quiroga, whose progress to Cadiz had been interrupted by the measures which had been adopted by the garrison. The execution of the plan formed by the military leaders, for establishing the Constitution in Cadiz and its neighbourhood, was much impeded by the defence of the Cortadura. The great object of speedily gaining possession of some important town, had thus been frustrated; two attacks made by Quiroga's troops had been

repulsed by the garrison ; and an attempt, by the adherents of the Constitution within the town, to gain possession of the work, had met with no better success. The energy and enthusiasm of the revolted troops,—by which alone the country could be carried along with them, and the constitution rapidly spread,—were dying away, under the influence of a protracted and unsuccessful enterprise, and it became necessary to take more active measures, with a view to raising the spirit of the troops. These it was hoped might tend also to give courage to the friends of the Constitution in the great towns, and afford them a favourable opportunity of declaring their adherence to it.

To promote these objects, Riego was detached from the corps before Cadiz, with a body of 1500 men. He was to endeavour to raise the towns of Andalusia in favour of the liberal cause ; and on leaving the Isla he first directed his march towards Algeziras. He was received with acclamations by the inhabitants of that town ; but finding no prospect of obtaining solid assistance, he soon left it, and pursued his

march to Malaga. Soon after his arrival there, he was attacked by Don Joseph O'Donnell, the brother of Abisbal, who had been detached after him with a strong body of troops. After a sharp action Riego succeeded in repulsing O'Donnell's attack; but meeting with no support in the town, he abandoned it, and took the direction of the mountains to the northward. He was closely pursued on his march, and finding his force reduced to 300, and, therefore too weak to act with effect as a military body, he disbanded them, in order that each individual might provide for his own safety.

Thus far, after the first temporary success, the liberal cause had made but little progress. Quiroga, surrounded by the troops of Don Manuel Freyre, who had marched against him from Seville, saw his numbers diminish daily, by desertion, and by privations of every kind. His attempts upon Cadiz had proved unsuccessful, and it was doubtful whether he would be able to save himself, and his men, from being made prisoners. But events now took place in other quarters, which speedily changed the as-

pect of affairs in Andalusia, as well as in that part of Spain in which they occurred.

We have seen that Count Abisbal, who had taken so active a part in the suppression of the insurrection of 1819, had been removed from his command shortly afterwards, in consequence of the distrust felt towards him by the government. He now determined, from motives which are unexplained, to lend his powerful assistance to the constitutional cause ; and at the very time that his brother was engaged in the pursuit of Riego, he took the resolution of declaring his adherence to the liberal party. With this view he left Madrid on the 3d of March, and proceeded to Ocana, where, supported by the regiment of his brother, he arrested the governor, and proclaimed the Constitution.

Ferdinand now found himself deserted by his best officers, and given up without support to the violence of the populace, which had assembled near the palace in a state of great excitement, and demanded the Constitution in the most imperative manner. He perceived that it was impossible, abandoned as he appeared

to be by the army, to offer any opposition to the demand of the Constitutionalists, and he at length declared his intention of complying with the wishes of his people. He accordingly shortly afterwards declared his adhesion to the Constitution proclaimed by the Cortes at Cadiz in 1812.

The Revolution was now speedily completed throughout Spain. General Freyre proclaimed the Constitution at Cadiz; and although considerable dissatisfaction was shown by many corps, at the establishment of the new order of things, yet by judiciously strengthening the army which had proclaimed the Constitution, the discontented portion of the troops was kept in order, and all opposition was rendered impossible: so that, in the month of July, the constitutional system appeared to be established in all parts of the kingdom.

A ministry was formed soon afterwards, composed of persons who were known to hold liberal though moderate opinions. Perez de Castro, the two Arguelles, and the Marquis de los Amarillas, were the leading members of this administration. The Cortes also were

assembled, for the purpose of enacting such laws as should be considered suitable to the new system of government. Their measures were directed chiefly to the reform of the Church and the suppression of many of the monasteries; the abolition of entails; and the application of the funds arising from the sale of church property to the liquidation of the national debt. All the finances of the state were to undergo a minute examination; and the public expenditure was to be reduced as low as should be found possible, consistently with the efficiency of the different branches of the administration. The violence of the liberal party, however, was constantly on the increase in Madrid, and several clubs were formed, in which the greatest extravagance of language prevailed; and the passions of the people being thus inflamed, they were excited to numerous acts of riot and insubordination. Of these clubs Riego became the idol. When the Cortes had been elected, he had succeeded Quiroga, who was chosen a deputy, in the command of the army of the Isla; but the government, dreading his in-

fluence and character, removed him from that command, and appointed him at the same time Captain-general of Galicia. Riego, however, being unwilling to renounce the influence which he exercised in Madrid, refused to repair to his government, and proceeded to the capital, where he endeavoured to overawe the government by means of the clubs. The ministry however, pursued with much firmness their determination of removing him; and he was at length sent into banishment at Oviedo, his native place.

Early in the year 1821, in consequence of the complaints which the king had made at the opening of the Cortes, that sufficient energy was not shown by the executive, in repressing the insults which, he affirmed, were offered to him upon all public occasions, the members of the first liberal ministry gave in their resignations. A second ministry was then appointed, which was supposed to be inclined to support and strengthen the royal authority; and M. Eusebio Bardaxi y Azaro, at that time ambassador in France, was placed at its head. But the

people, as well as great part of the Cortes, appear to have been so violently opposed to this government, that it never acquired sufficient strength to make its authority respected at a distance from the capital. At different periods during its possession of office, anarchy prevailed in many of the great towns. Seville and Cadiz in particular refused to receive the governors appointed by the ministry ; and it was only when that ministry was dismissed in 1822, that they consented again to submit themselves to control.

The disordered state of the country was increased by the appearance of several bands of partizans, in arms for the royal cause, in the northern provinces. That of the Curé Merino, which infested old Castile and Navarre, was the most considerable of these Guerillas.

During this period, Riego, who had been, after his banishment, appointed Captain-general of Arragon, was suspected of fomenting a plot which was declared to pervade a great part of Spain, for the establishment of a republic. No proof of his participation in such a design was ever produced ; but it is certain that his name

was made use of as a rallying cry, upon all occasions of riot and violence; and that his picture, borne about at the head of numerous processions, served as a standard for the disaffected. The ministry therefore judged it expedient to remove him from his command; and they effected this purpose successfully, through the firmness displayed by the political chief in Arragon (Moreno), in executing the orders of the government. This removal, however, was made a pretext for riot and tumultuous meetings. Representations against it were sent to Madrid, from many of the great towns, some of which documents were couched in the most disrespectful terms. The government, notwithstanding, remained firm to their purpose, and Riego, after some resistance, was superseded in his command.

Towards the end of the year 1821,—which had been, in its whole duration, most calamitous to Spain,—a pestilence broke out, which affected many parts of the country, but more particularly the eastern coast. Its utmost virulence was displayed at Barcelona, where the

deaths amounted to 350 daily, and the total number of inhabitants who perished by its influence; is computed to have exceeded 20,000. The violence with which this disorder raged, and its nature, which was declared to be contagious, furnished a pretext to the French, for the establishment of their cordon sanitaire upon the frontier.

Affairs continued in a state of disorder, bordering upon anarchy, till the beginning of the year 1822. The ministry of M. Bardaxi y Azaro, which had given such dissatisfaction to the liberal party, was then dismissed, and Martinez de la Rosa and his colleagues, who were supposed to hold opinions more in harmony with the prevailing popular feelings, succeeded to the administration. Great rejoicings took place in the principal towns upon this occasion. Seville and Cadiz, which had refused to submit to the authority of the functionaries appointed by the late government, now opened their gates to those of the new; and Jauregui the commander of the troops in Cadiz, gave up the town to the proper magis-

trates. The government, however, did not feel itself sufficiently strong to call him to an account for his previous conduct, and his submission was accepted without any inquiry being instituted into the insubordination which had been exhibited.

Riego also was not inactive upon this occasion. Holding no office, and being without any appointment or authority whatever, he repaired to Barcelona, and there, having assembled the troops, he harangued them in the most bombastic and violent language, rejoicing with them upon the dismissal of the late ministers, and declaring that, with their departure from office, tyranny had fled from Spain, and would never again re-appear upon its soil.

On the first of March, 1822, the new ordinary Cortes was assembled, and the deputies soon showed, by electing Riego as their president, that the new ministry (the members of which, though men of decided constitutional opinions, had belonged to the moderate party in the late Cortes) was not likely to be more acceptable to them than the preceding government had been.

The king, on opening this Cortes, declared that the relations of Spain towards foreign powers were upon the most satisfactory footing, and that the reports which had been spread abroad concerning the intentions of France, were only disseminated by the ill-affected, for the purpose of creating alarm and distrust in the country. This Cortes proceeded to the examination of all parts of the administration, and endeavoured, by a system of the greatest economy, to bring the finances of the country into a more healthy state. In the mean time many of the great towns again became the scenes of serious tumults. At Pampeluna, at Lorea, and at Valencia, where the royalist General, Elio, had been kept for some time in imprisonment, these disturbances assumed the most serious appearance. The regular troops found themselves drawn out against the militia and the populace upon many occasions, and considerable bloodshed repeatedly took place before tranquillity could be restored.

These disorders became the subject of serious consideration in the Cortes, and an address

was framed and presented to the king, denouncing the ministry, for their neglect in not taking proper measures for suppressing them ; and also accusing the French of fomenting dissensions, and encouraging the discontented.

On the 30th of June, the king prorogued the Cortes ; and this ceremony became the occasion of events of such importance, that it is necessary to relate them in some detail. They form an epoch in the history and progress of the Spanish revolution, and it is about the time of their occurrence, that the scene at the Venta de Cardenas, described in the first sketch of this series, is supposed to take place. Several other circumstances described or alluded to in the sketches, are connected with the revolt of the royal guards at Madrid. The king then, as we have stated, proceeded to the hall of the Cortes, on the 30th of June, for the purpose of proroguing that assembly. A great concourse of people surrounded his carriage, and attended him from the palace, uttering cries in favour of liberty and the constitution, which were responded to by the soldiers with shouts for the

absolute king. Having addressed the Cortes, and complimented them on the improved state of the finances, and the strict economy which had distinguished the year, the king prorogued the Cortes and prepared to return to his palace.

The crowd in the mean time had increased considerably, and cries for the constitutional king were raised more vehemently than before; and were continued after the king had entered his residence. At length a body of the guard, irritated by this proceeding, which they considered insulting to Ferdinand, sallied out, and attacked the multitude which was in front of the palace. Their officers immediately interfered, and used every endeavour to restrain them; but their violence was not to be checked, and an officer named Casasola was thrown down and much injured, while endeavouring to restore order. Before, however, this could be effected, Don Mamerto Landaburù, a lieutenant of the guard, who was supposed to hold liberal opinions, was shot by the soldiers of his own company. The exertions of the Captain General, Morillo, and of the political chief,

were at length successful in restoring tranquillity; but the minds both of the citizens and the soldiers continued in a high state of excitement, and it was easy to perceive that there was still reason to dread the explosion of these feelings on both sides.

An order was immediately issued for the apprehension of the assassins of Landaburù; and measures were also taken to appease the minds of the citizens. It was evident, however, that great agitation still prevailed; and this excitement was increased by the invectives which were daily lavished on their opponents, by the journals of both parties. At length, all these causes so worked upon the feelings of the soldiers of the guard, that on the night of the 2d of July, four battalions, amounting to about 2000 men, having concerted their meeting from separate quarters, joined each other on the parade ground of the guards, and from thence proceeded to the Prado, from which place they sent a demand for rations, and commissioners to treat of the terms upon which they should surrender. These negotiations, which had no

result, occupied the 3d of July. On the 4th the revolted troops remained stationary at the Prado; the only noticeable circumstance which occurred being a reconnaissance made to ascertain the disposition of the insurgents, by a detachment of the regiment of Almanza, which was speedily repulsed.

On the 7th of July the insurgents commenced operations which they appear to have maturely planned during the preceding days. Their assault upon the town was to be made in three divisions, one of which was to attack the park of artillery; the second, the place of the Constitution, where the National Guard had their bivouacs; and the third was to try and gain possession of the Puerta del Sol, and the streets which lead into it. Of these three divisions, that only which marched upon the Puerta del Sol obtained any success; and its advantage was of short duration: for soon after having gained possession of the place which was the object of its attack, it was in its turn assailed by General Ballasteros, with a strong body of infantry and some artillery, and was speedily compelled to

quit its post in disorder, and with considerable loss. The scattered insurgents of this division fled in the direction of the palace, and in its precincts they found a temporary refuge. An address was now framed and presented to the King by a junta of the Cortes, requesting him to prevent the possibility of such disorders again arising, by disbanding his guards, and placing his person under the protection of the national militia. After some opposition to this measure on the part of Ferdinand, his repugnance was at length overcome, and it was agreed, that the four battalions of the guard which had been implicated in the late revolt should deliver up their arms, and be disbanded, and that the two battalions which had remained neutral should retain their arms, but should be distributed into other corps, and leave Madrid.

While these measures were under discussion, the four battalions of guards suddenly sallied forth from their quarters, and passing over the bridge of Segovia, left Madrid, and took the road to the Escorial. They were immediately pursued by a body of cavalry; several charges

were made upon them; and a considerable number of the insurgents were slain. Not far from Madrid they divided into three separate bodies, the largest of which took refuge in the Casa del Campo, where they were attacked and summoned to surrender, on the promise that their lives should be spared. Considering that resistance would be unavailing, they delivered up their arms, and were marched back prisoners to Madrid. The other two bodies were also routed and compelled to surrender.

About the time at which these proceedings were taking place in Madrid, a similar event occurred in Andalusia. The regiment of royal carbineers which was quartered at Castro del Rio, in the province of Cordova, revolted, and having left the town, proceeded, together with many people of the country who were persuaded to join them, towards Madrid; where they hoped to be able to co-operate with the guards, of whose insurrection they had received intelligence. Their plans, like those of the guards, were finally frustrated, and the carbineers were compelled to surrender to a small force which

had been sent out to intercept their march. This is the revolt which is described in the sketches, as taking place in the town of Cordova.

Shortly after these events a plot was discovered at Cadiz, which had been formed by the ultra-liberal party, for the purpose of completely revolutionizing that town. The conspirators had determined, in case the rebellion of the guards should have led to national confusion, that, instead of assisting the municipality in carrying into effect the measures which had been resolved upon for the preservation of order, they would take advantage of the excitement to depose the authorities, to revenge themselves on their political enemies, and to seize upon the public employments of the city. The authorities, however, having gained information of this design, took the needful precautions to prevent its being successful; and the ten principal conspirators, most of whom were distinguished by the violence of their opinions and conduct, were arrested in the night, without any disturbance taking place.

The municipality of Madrid now presented an address to the King, referring to the late commotions in the capital. The tendency of the address was, to throw the blame of the late disorders upon the ministry of Martinez de la Rosa, and to obtain the appointment of a government whose members should hold more liberal opinions ; and they succeeded in effecting this object. Don Evaristo San Miguel, a Lieut.-Col. and Chief of the Staff in the army of the Isla, was appointed Minister for Foreign Affairs; M. Gasco, Minister of the Interior; Vadillo, for the Colonies; Lopez Baños, for War; Navarro, for Grace and Justice; Capaz, Minister of Marine, and Eguia of Finance. The Royal Household was also new modelled, and all who were suspected of not being decided constitutionalists were removed from their situations near the person of the King. Morillo, in spite of his exertions in repelling the late attack of the guards upon the capital, was deprived of his command, and many persons of high rank were imprisoned, or banished from the capital.

But one of the most remarkable acts of the

new ministry, was the order issued by them for the immediate trial of the celebrated General, Elio. He had been tried in the year 1821, for his conduct on the return of Ferdinand to Spain in 1814; but as on that occasion he had only acted in obedience to the orders of his government, no punishment could justly be inflicted upon him; and it appeared that it was only in order to appease the existing popular excitement, that the form of a trial had been gone through. He was now again brought before a tribunal of officers, which was assembled with some difficulty, and he was accused of having been accessory to a plot which had exploded in the preceding May, and which consisted in an attempt, on the part of some soldiers of artillery, to seize upon the citadel of Valencia. In carrying this plan into effect, the name of Elio had been used by them; and though it was difficult to conceive that a person in close imprisonment could have found opportunities of forming a plan of the kind attributed to him, yet he was found guilty, and was condemned to death. His sentence was carried

into execution on the 4th September, and he died with the same firmness and courage which had distinguished him through life.

During the end of this year the northern provinces became the theatre of a civil war, which appeared to threaten the liberal cause with greater dangers than any which had hitherto assailed it. The partizans of absolutism were gaining strength from day to day, in the countries north of the Ebro. Bands of armed men were formed, which, though in the commencement they resembled banditti, gradually assumed the character of organized troops. They then took the appellation of the army of the faith, and being supplied with treasure and arms by the Spanish refugees who had retired to Bayonne, they became most formidable to the Constitutionalist forces. Frequent actions took place between the two parties, with various success; and the insurgents having obtained possession of some of the important fortified points in the country, were enabled to establish themselves with some solidity. The taking of Seo de Urgel, most

materially contributed to these results, as did also the capture of Mequinenza.

To give the appearance of a regular organization to their party, the absolutists established a regency, consisting of three persons, at Seo de Urgel. The Marquis of Mata-florida, the Bishop of Tarragona, and the Baron d'Eroles, were fixed upon to exercise the functions of Regents, and were installed in their office with much solemnity. After receiving deputations from the provincial juntas and the municipalities, they proceeded to issue proclamations, abolishing the Cortes, and they declared that every thing which had taken place since the king swore to the Constitution, in March, 1820, ought to be considered illegal. They proclaimed the restoration of the system, both civil and military, which existed previous to that date, and caused it to be understood, that should the country refuse obedience to their dictates, they could reckon upon the assistance of foreign troops for the purpose of enforcing it.

The Government, in the mean time, took the most energetic steps to crush this insurrection,

and to root out the disturbers of the public tranquillity. For this purpose they despatched several of their best generals into Arragon, Navarre, and Catalonia. Mina, who commanded in the latter province, was more particularly successful in the execution of his trust; he reduced almost all the towns held by the Royalist party, and at length compelled the Regency to take refuge in France. He attacked also their strong hold Seo de Urgel; but owing to the inaccessible nature of the place, he was repulsed with loss by the garrison. By dint, however, of his vigorous operations, and the severity which he displayed against those towns which sheltered the Royalists, he reduced Catalonia to obedience to the Constitutional Government. Torrijos was successful in a minor degree against Quesada and O'Donnell, who commanded the armies of the Faith in Navarre.

But it was not alone the provinces in the north of Spain, which were the seat of disorder; the whole country was over-run by Guerillas and partisans. The Government, however, made

the greatest exertions to restore tranquillity, and with considerable success; but to give full effect to their endeavours, it was necessary that greater supplies both of men and arms, than they were yet masters of, should be put at their disposal. For this purpose the Extraordinary Cortes was assembled in the month of October of this year, and they proceeded instantly to consider the state of the army, and to take measures for augmenting it, and for calling into activity the national militia. It was found by the statement of the Minister of War, that the army had fallen below its nominal force of 62,000 men, by the sixth of that number, and he proposed to restore it to its full complement, and to increase the establishment by about 38,000 men. All these measures, which were ostensibly suggested by the state of the northern provinces, had also some reference to France, the feelings of whose Government were thought to be most hostile to the existing order of things in Spain; and war was talked of, both in the clubs and at public meetings, as an event almost inevitable.

It is certain that there were many reasons to justify this belief. The bands of the disaffected, when dispersed and routed by the government troops, crossed the French frontier, and were always well received by the authorities. The supplies also, which the Army of the Faith received from that quarter, exceeded so materially what could have been furnished by the resources of the royalist adherents, who had taken refuge in France, that it was natural to attribute them to the partiality of the French Government to that party. The Cordon Sanitaire was still maintained, though the fever, which had served as a pretence for establishing it, had long ceased to rage; while great stores of ammunition and provisions were collecting in the different frontier garrisons, and the troops already stationed there received considerable reinforcements.

With all these grounds for suspicion, it was not unnatural that the Spaniards should think it necessary to prepare for war. But unfortunately the country was not in a state to furnish the resources adequate to such a conflict, even

had the energy of the government been equal to calling them forth. The feelings of the people were divided, or totally indifferent, with regard to the constitution; the kind of war therefore, which had proved so fatal to the French armies in a former conflict, was not to be expected.

Under these unfavourable auspices for Spain, the year 1823 opened. One of the first events which marked its commencement, was the delivery of the notes of the three despotic courts, which had taken the principal part at the Congress of Verona. The menacing language held in those notes, and the disapprobation with which the existing state of Spain, under its government by the Cortes, was treated, did not tend to diminish the apprehensions of a war which had already been so generally excited: and the indignation aroused by these documents destroyed all probability of concessions being made, which might avert the evil, and conciliate the three powers. An uncompromising answer was accordingly returned by the foreign minister, San Miguel, to these

notes. In this document, the independence of the Spanish people, and their right to choose whatever form of government might appear best suited to the wants of the country, were boldly asserted; and the inconsistency of the sovereigns, in so harshly denouncing a constitution which they had formerly acknowledged, was put in the strongest light. Upon receiving this answer from the Spanish Government, the ministers of the three powers instantly demanded their passports, and quitted Madrid.

The die seemed now cast, which was to decide the fate of Spain—perhaps of Europe; and war became the subject which occupied every mind. Preparations were set on foot for augmenting the army, and putting the country in the best practicable state of defence. The establishment of the army, which amounted to 87,000 men, was proposed to be increased by 29,000 additional soldiers, to be drawn from all the provinces of Spain, in proportion to their population. The importation of arms and ammunition was authorized, and two hundred gun-

boats were ordered to be fitted out, for the defence of the coasts and harbours. The finances, also, engaged a great share of the attention of the government, and measures were taken to improve the mode of collecting the revenue, and to assist the State in recovering its claims from the public debtor. Every measure, in short, was adopted which appeared likely to conduce to the strength of the country, and to facilitate a vigorous defence against the enemy of its independence ; and Spain loudly declared her determination to act up to the line of policy which these preparations indicated.

In the mean time, active measures were pursued by Mina in Catalonia, for the extirpation of the royalist bands in that province. He succeeded in taking Seo de Urgel, after a long and obstinate defence had been made by the garrison, and Mequinenza surrendered to him shortly after. All the strong points of the province were now restored to the government, and although wandering bands of the Army of the Faith still traversed the country, yet they

were almost uniformly unsuccessful in their encounters with the constitutional forces.

But while success rewarded the efforts of the government and its generals in the North, their very existence was threatened by a bold attack made in the neighbourhood of the capital, by two partisans of the royalist cause. Bessières and Ulman advanced as far as Brihuega, with a force which had gradually increased during their march from the northern provinces, till it was estimated to amount to between 5,000 and 7,000 men. In their first encounter with the troops which were sent against them from Madrid, under General O'Daly, they were successful in repulsing the attack which was made upon them. O'Daly was then superseded by Count Abisbal, who, after some preparatory movements, attacked Bessières and Ulman, and compelled them to retire into Arragon, where they separated, and the troops of the former dispersed.

The appearances of an approaching war now became every day more visible, and the Cortes

determined upon removing the king to a place of greater safety than Madrid had proved to be. Accordingly, on the 20th of March, he commenced his journey from Madrid to Seville, having previously offered the strongest opposition to his removal from the capital. The journey was conducted with every attention to his health and convenience, and it terminated at Seville, upon the 10th of April. Military operations had commenced in the North four days earlier.

On the 6th of April, the French Army began to move towards the frontier, and some of its divisions arrived at the Bidassoa. Here an attempt was made to shake their fidelity, by a band of French refugees, who displayed the Imperial uniform and colours from the opposite bank of the river. No effect was produced by this attempt, and a discharge of grape and musketry, from the invading troops, obliged the refugees to fly with a loss of several killed and wounded. On the 7th, a bridge was thrown across the Bidassoa, and on that and

the following day the French army entered Spain.

On the 9th of April, St. Sebastian was summoned to surrender; but the governor having refused to deliver up the place, a blockade was established round it, which was left to the direction of Prince Hohenlohe, while the remainder of the army proceeded on its march into the country.

At Vittoria the army halted for some weeks; the head-quarters were then moved to Burgos, where the Duke d'Angoulême arrived on the 10th May, and the whole army immediately afterwards began its march upon Madrid. They met with no opposition in their advance, and on their arrival before the capital, terms were proposed by the Constitutionalists, and a convention was agreed upon, by which General Zayas, with a small body of the constitutional troops, was to retain possession of the town till the French were ready to enter.

An attempt was made by Bessières to force his way into the capital, before the arrival of

the French ; but after a sharp action with the troops of General Zayas, the royalists were defeated with a severe loss. The French vanguard now hastened its march, in consequence of these disputes, and in order to be on the spot to prevent the outrages which it was expected would take place ; and General Obert, who commanded it, entered Madrid on the 23rd of May — a day sooner than had been stipulated by the convention.

A regency was now appointed, under the auspices of the Duke d'Angoulême, to which the supreme government of the country was to be entrusted, so long as the king should remain in the hands of the Constitutionalists. The individuals who composed it were the Duke del Infantado, the Duke of Montemar, the Baron de Eroles, the Bishop of Osma and Don Antonio Calderon. The appointment of the regency, and the entry of the French into Madrid, were speedily followed by important defections from the Constitutional side. Abisbal was one of the first to desert to the French ;

and his example was imitated by others at a later period.

The Cortes, meanwhile, were occupied in Seville, in declaiming against the foreign invasion, and eulogizing the patriotism of the country, which was about to repel it by an unanimous effort ; but seeing the French in possession of Madrid, and preparing to advance against Seville, they deemed it advisable to remove their sittings, and also the person of the king, to Cadiz.

It was known that determined opposition would be offered by the king to this resolution ; and the event did not deceive expectation. The king obstinately refused to remove from Seville ; not, as he declared, from any personal objection to the change, but because he considered the measure prejudicial to the interests of his people. After every endeavour had been unavailingly made, to change this determination on the part of Ferdinand, the Cortes, on the motion of Galiano, voted that the king was in a state of insanity, and that it was expedient

that he should be placed under coercion and carried to Cadiz by force ; and having decreed this, they appointed a regency of three members ; namely, Valdez, Ciscar and Vigodet.

The English minister now informed the Cortes, that having been accredited to the King of Spain, and not to a regency, his functions must cease for the present, and that he must decline following the Cortes to Cadiz, but would remain at Seville till he could receive fresh instructions from his Government. The minister of the United States, the *Chargé d’Affaires* of the Netherlands, and the Swedish minister, adopted the same line of conduct.

While the King and Cortes were thus removing farther from the scene of action, the French generals began more active operations against the southern provinces. Two divisions of their army, under Generals Bourmont and Bourdesoult, were ordered to advance upon Seville and Cadiz ; while Molitor, who had hitherto remained in Catalonia for the purpose of co-operating with Moncey, received directions to press forward, by Valencia and Murcia,

to Grenada. The column which advanced by La Mancha forced the passes of the Sierra Morena, and arrived at Cordova on the 13th,—where they found that a counter-revolution had taken place, by which the Constitutional authorities had been expelled, and the old system re-established.

Considering that, under these circumstances, their presence at Cordova could be of no service, this division proceeded to effect its junction with that of Bourmont, — which had marched by the Tagus, and had arrived at Truxillo on the 11th of June. The two corps united then marched rapidly to Seville. On approaching that city they found that it also had declared for the royal cause; they, therefore, did not consider it necessary to occupy it, but pressed on to Cadiz, which, it was evident, must become the ultimate theatre of hostilities.

In consequence of this movement of the French columns, the Constitutional General, Lopez Baños, perceiving that the town would only be defended by the royalist troops and the citizens, determined to make an attempt upon

it, for the purpose of raising a contribution, and obtaining supplies of clothing for his men. With this design he attacked the town on the side of Triana on the 16th of June, and after meeting with a firm resistance from the troops who were posted to defend the bridge, he succeeded in forcing his way across it, and after a struggle on the other bank of the Guadalquivir, he eventually made good his entrance into the city. He then rapidly raised the contributions which he required, and effected his retreat to Cadiz with about 2,500 men.

The efforts of the French were now directed against that city, round which they established a loose blockade about the middle of July ; and on the 28th the Duke d'Angoulême quitted Madrid to join his army, which was now assembled there, and amounted to about 30,000 men. On his road to the south he deprived the royalists of the authority with which they had been at first invested, and which they had used in the most intemperate and impolitic manner. He issued a decree at Andujar, which prohibited any arrest by Spanish authorities,

without the sanction of the French officer commanding the district. The public journals also were subjected to the superintendence of French officers.

These measures created great dissatisfaction in the royalist party, and tended to strengthen those feelings of enmity which had always existed between the French and their bigotted allies.

On the arrival of the French Generalissimo at Port St. Mary, on the 10th of August, he lost no time in sending an aid-de-camp with a flag of truce, charged with a letter addressed to Ferdinand. The French envoy, however, was not admitted to an audience with the king, and he was informed that he could not be allowed to hold any communication with him, except through the medium of his responsible advisers. The aid-de-camp then demanded to see the Governor of Cadiz, and was admitted to a conference with Valdez, who at that time held the post of Governor, and was likewise chief of the permanent commission of the Cortes appointed upon the prorogation of that body. To him

the aid-de-camp of the Duke d'Angoulême delivered the letter with which he was intrusted, upon receiving a promise that the king should be made acquainted with the contents. They were as follows : —

“SIRE, MY BROTHER AND COUSIN :

“Spain is delivered from the revolutionary yoke. A few fortified towns only now serve as an asylum to implicated persons. The king, my uncle and lord, had thought (and events have in no wise changed his opinions) that your majesty, restored to liberty and using clemency, would deem it advisable to grant an amnesty, necessary after so many troubles, and to give to your people, by the convocation of the ancient Cortes of the kingdom, guarantees for the re-establishment of order, justice and good administration. All that France can perform, as well as her allies, and the whole of Europe, in order to consolidate this act of your wisdom, I do not hesitate myself to become a guarantee, shall be done. I have thought it my duty to remind your majesty, and, through you, all

those who may still prevent the evils which threaten them, of the feelings of the king, my uncle and lord. If in five days hence I shall not have received any satisfactory answer, and if at that period your majesty shall still be deprived of your liberty, I shall recur to force in order to restore it to you. Those who shall listen to their passions, in preference to the interests of their country, will alone be answerable for the blood that may be spilled.

I am, with profound respect,

Your very affectionate Brother,

Cousin and Servant,

LOUIS ANTOINE."

*From my Head-Quarters, at Port St. Mary's,
this 17th of August, 1823.*

The answer of the king stated that he was not deprived of his liberty, and that he could not accede to the proposals of his royal highness; but that he would gladly terminate the war through the mediation of Great Britain.

In consequence of this answer of the king's, Mr. Eliot (now Lord Eliot) the secretary of the

British Legation, was despatched by the Minister, who was then at Gibraltar, to the head-quarters of the Duke d'Angoulême, bearing a proposal for a mediation on the part of Great Britain, between the belligerents. He arrived at Port St. Mary's on the 27th or 28th of August, and had an interview with his royal highness shortly afterwards. In the conversation which took place, the duke entered very fully into the nature of his position, and the extent of the powers with which he was invested. He declared that it was imperative upon him to demand of his Government a specific sanction, previously to accepting the mediation offered by his B.M. Minister; for that so little discretion had been left him, that the draft of the letter which he had addressed to the King of Spain on the 17th inst., had been forwarded to him from Paris, and he had not considered himself at liberty to make even a verbal alteration in it.

The duke showed some anxiety to ascertain the nature of the concessions which the British minister imagined that the Cortes would be inclined to make; adding at the same time that

the only proposition which he was authorized to listen to, was the liberation of his Catholic majesty. When that indispensable step towards farther negociation should be adopted, it would be possible for him to understand the real sentiments and wishes of the King of Spain, concerning which he was as yet in complete ignorance.

The British Secretary of Legation replied, that it was impossible to give any defined opinion as to the concessions which the Cadiz Government might feel disposed to make ; but a representative Government, really speaking the sense of the nation, would, he apprehended, be a *sine quâ non*.

The duke assented to the propriety of this condition, and observed that no one could be a warmer admirer of that form of Government than himself, and that he had no hesitation in attributing the existing prosperity of France to the liberal institutions established there. He added, however, that he much doubted whether fit elements to compose a national representation existed in Spain. The ignorance and

bigotry of the one party, and the jacobinical spirit of the other, would, he thought, be insurmountable obstacles to the establishment of a moderate monarchy. His Royal Highness then proceeded to deplore the excesses of which the royalist party had been guilty, since its restoration to power by the French, and declared that the conduct of the Madrid Regency had been a source of the greatest uneasiness and disappointment to him. He had used every endeavour to restrain their zeal, and mitigate the violence of their conduct, and had, he asserted, been in many instances, successful. The interview concluded by the Prince assuring Mr. Eliot that he would, without loss of time, inform the cabinet of the Tuilleries of the substance of the proposition of which he was the bearer, and he hoped, though he confessed he scarcely expected it, that his government would accede to the proposal.

A second communication took place between Sir William A'Court, and the Duke d'Angoulême, on the 14th of September. On this occasion, Mr. Eliot was again employed as the

bearer of a despatch, in which the offer of a mediation was renewed, and a British ship of war was proposed as the neutral spot upon which the plenipotentiaries might meet. This plan had been suggested by the Cadiz government, to his Britannic Majesty's minister.

The Duc d'Angoulême appeared, however, to have received precise instructions from his government, in the interim. He declined listening to any overture, whatever, of mediation, and declared that there was only one condition upon which he was permitted to treat, namely, that Ferdinand should be liberated, and as a proof of his being free, should repair to the French head-quarters. He added, that he was now convinced that the only means of setting the royal family at liberty was, force of arms—to which he was about to have recourse.

The French army now began active operations against the besieged. The first point of which it was necessary that they should make themselves masters, was the Fort of the Trocadero, which stands upon a narrow neck of land, on the opposite side of the harbour to the

town of Cadiz. The Spaniards had been very diligent in putting this fort in a state of defence, and the French were repulsed in their first assault upon it; but through the negligence of a picquet, to which the most exposed part of the fortress was entrusted, the garrison was surprised on the following night, and the French effected their entrance into the place. They then constructed batteries, from which they bombarded the City of Cadiz; but the distance was too great to allow their fire to make much impression.

The occupiers of Cadiz were so much discouraged by the fall of the Trocadero, that they almost directly afterwards endeavoured to open a correspondence with the generalissimo of the French. The Duc d'Angoulême, however, refused to enter into any negociation till the king should be set free; and though the Constitutionalists at first refused to treat upon these terms, yet their distresses so rapidly increased, from the want of finances, from the incipient disaffection of the troops, and from the bombardment of the town, (which was now carried

on by the gun boats of the French fleet), that it was at length necessary to abandon the defence, and take advantage of the conditions which the French commander was willing to grant. The first article of these conditions was that the King and Royal Family should, before any further proceedings, be set at liberty, and should repair to Port St. Mary, or Chiclana, to meet the Duc d'Angoulême, with whom the conditions were to be finally settled, upon which peace should be granted to Spain. These terms were accordingly accepted, and on the 1st of October, Ferdinand passed over from Cadiz to the head quarters of the French, at Port St. Mary.

The first acts of Ferdinand were such as to destroy, at once, all hopes of safety, and of an improved government,—which, many were led to believe, would have been secured by the recommendation and influence of the French. Ferdinand immediately ordered that Cadiz should be given up to the French; and they accordingly took possession of that place on the 3rd of October. No amnesty was pub-

lished by him, and no doubt could remain as to what the tenor of his future government would be, when immediately after his release, he appointed his confessor, D. Victor Saez, as head of a new administration.

While these events were passing at Cadiz, the two divisions of the French army, which had been sent by the northern and south-eastern provinces, had successfully accomplished the reduction of that part of Spain, in which their operations were conducted. General Bourck, who commanded the corps, ordered to act in the North, had traversed the Asturias without meeting with any determined opposition, though the partisans, Campillo and Palarea, had defended certain points upon the line of his advance, with considerable obstinacy. But the liberal cause received a fatal blow in this quarter, by the defection of Morillo. That chief, at first pretended only to throw off the authority of the Regency appointed at Seville, and declared his wish to preserve the neutrality of Gallicia. These appear, however, to have been only preparatory steps to

his complete defection, which took place on the 10th July, when he passed over to the French, taking with him a corps of about 3000 men. General Bourck then proceeded to besiege Corunna, where he met with a vigorous resistance ; but the garrison finally capitulated, upon condition that the town should be delivered up to Morillo, who was to hold the appointment of Captain-general of Gallicia. Corunna was accordingly entered by that general on the 21st August.

The affairs of the Constitutionalists were not more prosperous in Valencia and Murcia, where Ballasteros was opposed to the advances of Molitor. The Spanish general made several attempts to check the march of the French towards the southern provinces, but met with no success, having been repulsed in the actions in which he had come into contact with the enemy. He was at length driven out of Murcia, and retreated with his corps (which was still of considerable force) to the neighbourhood of Grenada and Jaen.

Finding that Molitor was approaching the

former city from Guadix, Ballasteros collected his best troops, with secrecy and expedition, and posted himself not far distant from the road on which the French advance was to take place, hoping that they might not possess intelligence of his movements, and that he might succeed in surprising them. Molitor, however, had been apprised of the designs of the Spanish leaders, and instantly determined upon attacking the corps of Ballasteros. The following day he put his intentions into execution, and defeated the Spaniards with considerable loss. They retreated, and were closely pursued by the French during several days; at the expiration of which they were again attacked in a strong position on the heights of Campillo de Arenas, where they met with a decided overthrow.

This was the last effort which Ballasteros made in favour of the Constitutional cause. He shortly afterwards followed the dishonourable example of Morillo and Abisbal, and went over to the French, by whom he was continued in the enjoyment of his rank and pay.

Before these occurrences were known in

Cadiz, it had been determined in that city to make a vigorous effort for the Constitutional cause in the district which had been entrusted to the defence of General Ballasteros. In furtherance of this object, Riego was despatched from Cadiz, and proceeded to Malaga, where, having taken command of a corps of 3000 men which was stationed there under General Zayas, he proceeded to collect such a force as he could muster. While thus employed he was threatened by the advance of three divisions of the French army, who were marching to Malaga with the intention of surrounding him, and he hastily left the town; but meeting on his march with the division of Bonnemains, he changed his direction towards the south, and arrived in the neighbourhood of Ballasteros, at Alcalà la Real, on the 10th September.

Ballasteros being informed of the movements of Riego, advanced with some of his troops, and a firing commenced under his directions, by which several of Riego's soldiers and his aide-de-camp were killed. The troops of Riego, however, showed no disposition to engage with

their opponents, but threw up their caps and appeared desirous of uniting with the Royalists. A conversation then took place between the two generals, in which Riego in vain endeavoured to engage Ballasteros to make a last effort against the French. Finding all his endeavours fruitless, and being disappointed in an attempt to gain possession of the person of Ballasteros, and to seduce his troops, he was obliged to retreat hastily, to avoid a strong detachment which Molitor had sent to overtake him. He did not succeed in seducing any part of the corps of Ballasteros; but, on the other hand, several of his own men deserted him, and joined the forces of his adversary.

In the meantime, other bodies of troops were despatched to intercept Riego, and he was overtaken at Jaen by General Bonnemains, by whom he was defeated and driven out of the town; and although the troops endeavoured to defend the heights behind Jaen, and several other positions on the line of their retreat, they were eventually forced back beyond Mancha Real.

Riego now pursued his retreat upon Iodar,

intending probably to gain the mountainous country of the Sierra Morena, or to make an effort to seduce some troops of Ballasteros which were in the neighbourhood of Ubeda. The general commanding the French division at Cordova had taken preparatory measures for frustrating these intentions of Riego; and he now despatched a strong party of mounted chasseurs and infantry upon Iodar, while he himself repaired with the utmost expedition to a village called Baeza, on the road between Iodar and Ubeda, in order to intercept Riego, on his march towards the latter place, in case he should have passed Iodar before the arrival of the detachment sent thither in search of him. The chasseurs and infantry hastened to gain possession of the latter place, in the hope of occupying it before the arrival of Riego. They found, however, that his troops, to the amount of about 2000 men, were already established there; but the French commander, perceiving the surprise caused by his sudden appearance, did not allow himself to be detained by the fire of the posts, but despatched his regiment round

the outskirts of the town to attack the main body of the Constitutionalists, which was drawn up in two squares in the rear of it. This force was charged, and compelled to fly, by the cavalry of the detachment, and, upon reaching the mountains behind Iodar, they dispersed in all directions.

Upon the dispersion of his troops, Riego had escaped into the mountains, with a few officers who formed his escort. Here he wandered about for several hours, till, exhausted by fatigue and hunger, he and his companions were obliged to apply for assistance to the Hermit of Pedro Gil, and to an inhabitant of Vilches, named Lopez Lara. These men at first refused to guide Riego and his party on their road towards the Sierra Morena, by which they were desirous of proceeding to Estremadura. They were, however, compelled to conduct the fugitives, and, towards night, the party arrived at a farm, at which they knocked to demand shelter. The door was opened to them by a brother of Lopez Lara's. Riego then entered the farm, accompanied by only three of his followers, having

dismissed the rest, from apprehension that too numerous an escort might betray him. But his own unguarded conversation with his friends had already discovered to the hermit and his companion, who the stranger was whom they were escorting ; and they determined to make use of the knowledge they had thus acquired, and to deliver Riego into the hands of the authorities. One of the three followers of Riego who entered the farm with him was an Englishman, and he alone appeared to feel some distrust of the intention of their guides, and of the inhabitants of the farm. Immediately on entering he locked the doors, to prevent any one leaving the place ; and the same distrust appears to have kept him on the alert during the following morning, though his vigilance proved ineffectual in saving Riego from the consequences of his imprudent conduct.

Early the next morning Riego, who, with his companions had reposed in the stable, desired that a farrier might be procured to shoe his horse. The guide, Lopez Lara, offered to take the horse to a neighbouring village ; but to this

Riego would not consent, and he insisted that Lopez's brother should be despatched for the purpose of bringing the farrier to the farm. Lopez, however, found an opportunity to acquaint his brother, in a few words, with the quality and name of the stranger, and desired him to give notice to the magistrates, that they might take measures for his apprehension. The peasant proceeded accordingly in search of the farrier, and having given information to the authorities that Riego was then at the farm, he promised to manage in such a manner that they should be able to surprise him while he was at breakfast. On his return to the farm he informed Riego that the farrier would arrive immediately, and the general then sat down to his morning repast. The Englishman, however, who was deeply impressed with the idea that some treachery was meditated against his chief, refused to join the party who were at breakfast, and remained at a window, observing with a telescope the country in the neighbourhood. He at length perceived an armed party advancing towards the farm, and immediately

called out to Riego to be on the alert, for that soldiers were advancing and that he was betrayed. It was now unfortunately too late for defence; for the moment Riego and his friends started up from the table and drew their swords, Lara and his brother, who were prepared for the occasion, seized their carbines, and levelled them at the fugitives. Riego's resolution now abandoned him, and he delivered himself up a prisoner to one of the peasants, and even allowed him to bind his hands behind his back. The arrival of an armed force completed the capture. Riego was then conducted as a prisoner to Carolina, from whence he was afterwards transported to Madrid.

We have already related the circumstances of the capitulation entered into at Cadiz. It took place subsequent to the events which we have last described; but in order not to interrupt the narrative of the main operations which decided the fate of Spain, we deferred giving some account of the expedition and capture of Riego till we had brought the former to a conclusion.

Ferdinand's first act, after repairing to the head-quarters of the French generalissimo, was to publish a manifesto, in which he declared all the acts of the Constitutional government to be null and void,—his consent to them having been extorted from him while he was deprived of his liberty. The second article of the manifesto approved of every thing which had been enacted by the provisional junta of government formed at Oyorzun, and by the regency established by the authority of the Duc d'Angoulême at Madrid, when the French took possession of it in the month of May.

Several severe orders were also issued by him, with reference to his journey to Madrid. All those who had been deputies in the Cortes during the two last sessions, were prohibited, under the severest penalties, from approaching within a certain distance of the road by which he was to travel. Many other individuals, who had held important stations during the existence of the Constitution, were banished from Madrid for ever, and Ferdinand seemed disposed to adopt such harsh measures, that the

Constitutionalists began to quit the kingdom in great numbers. Many of those who remained were subjected to secret and arbitrary imprisonment, in spite of the endeavours of the French commander to put a stop to these vindictive proceedings.

Riego himself was reserved for a more severe fate. The active part which he had taken, from the beginning of the revolution till its final suppression, marked him out as a fit victim for the vengeance of Ferdinand. He was accordingly condemned to be hanged upon a gibbet of extraordinary height, for the part he had taken in the proceedings of the Cortes at Seville. The 7th of November was the day fixed upon for his execution; and on that day he was conveyed from his prison to the place appointed, amidst an immense crowd of silent spectators. He met his fate with great firmness and self-possession; but was scarcely able to mount the ladder which ascended to the gibbet, from the effects of the fetters which he had worn during his imprisonment.

Thus ended the Spanish revolution of 1820.

It had taken its rise in the discontent of the soldiery, who found a support in the inhabitants of the great towns;—a class always the most advanced in the career of civilization, and desirous in Spain of an improved form of government. Apathy and indifference at first prevailed towards the Constitution amongst the farmers and peasantry; and these feelings were soon changed into decided hostility, when the government enacted those injudicious measures which suddenly and arbitrarily deprived the ecclesiastical establishments of their revenues, and thus withdrew, from those classes who depended upon the bounty of the church, the resources which their poverty or indolence made necessary, and which the monks liberally afforded them.

Notwithstanding that the opinions of the different classes were thus opposed to each other, it seems probable that the constitution would gradually have established itself more firmly in the country, had not the French king, stimulated by the suggestions and remonstrances of the Northern powers, determined upon sup-

pressing, by means of a powerful army, the attempt of an independent people to procure a constitution more suited to their wants, and calculated to improve the condition of a country, reduced to the lowest state of weakness and decay by the effects of a long-continued vicious system.

These aspirations were not completely smothered by the occupation of the French; and since the period of their quitting Spain, whenever circumstances have appeared to offer any chance of success, strong indications have been given, that a deep-rooted wish for more liberal institutions exists in the breasts of the most enlightened Spaniards. During the last few years many events have favoured the development of these feelings, and, in the present day, they have again shown themselves to prevail with undiminished influence. The result of the civil conflict now taking place, to whichever party it may be favourable, will probably establish the predominance of more liberal opinions in the Spanish kingdom.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

ON THE

SOCIAL CONDITION OF THE SPANISH PEOPLE.

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IN laying this book before the reader, as my first attempt in a branch of literature which lies entirely out of the range of my usual occupations, let me be permitted to make known, in a few words, what I have proposed to myself in writing it, — in order that the reader may expect neither more nor other than that which I intend and promise to give : for according to *that*, I hope to be judged by all reasonable readers.

It may appear to many that so much form is

unnecessary in the introduction of a book of this description, where, after all, only a momentary entertainment is usually aimed at. But it is not only my right, but my duty, to set a higher and more serious value on a work which, if I did *not* so value it, I should not feel justified in giving to the world : for nothing surely can be more offensive to the public than to claim its attention to a work on which the writer himself professes to set no value.

In order that this reproach may not be applicable to me, I declare openly that I really think this present attempt may serve some better purpose, than that of a mere transient entertainment, leaving no trace behind it, and that I hope it may not be confounded with, nor sunk in the flood of our usual circulating-library novels.

My intention throughout is to represent realities. The persons, characters and manners, the opinions and passions,—lastly, the landscapes and buildings which I represent to the reader, in more or less hasty pictures,—are those which I have myself known and seen in Spain. Of

the adventures, I was either an eye-witness myself, or the circumstances of them were related to me by those who took part in them. The only liberty I have taken with them is, that I have transposed, arranged and connected these isolated pictures, so that they form a loosely connected whole, which is, as it were held together, by the destinies of several persons running through it. By calling this whole a succession of sketches, I relieve myself from all the obligations which are incumbent on a novel writer.

On this account also it cannot be objected to me that I introduce neither a hero nor a heroine. I only wish to give the reality. The novel-writer may, according to his pleasure, make one or more persons the centre of his creation, round whom, whether they are acting or suffering heroes, the events revolve, and who, (whether gently or harshly) are always treated with great attention by Providence, or fortune, or more properly by the author himself. But in real life there are no heroes, and destiny in fact disquiets itself little about individuals ;

more especially in such an epoch as that which has now opened in Spain. There, individuals or the individual are little or nothing more than waves in the tremendous stream of time.

But such insignificant individualities obtain, notwithstanding, some interest through the circumstance, that the stream, after all, is only composed of a multitude and succession of small waves, and that the human mind is only moved by the destiny or misfortunes of individuals, while it is not able to receive the impression of the united stream. No human mind could support the total impression of a war, or even of a single field of battle, if it were able so to overlook, receive, and comprehend it, as it does the impression of a single wound or corpse. It is scarcely possible to give the total impression, or as it were the abstraction of a people, a country, or an epoch; and if one were to succeed in doing so, such a picture would affect neither the mind, the heart, nor the imagination of the beholder, because in fact it would show him nothing but the impres-

sion which the object represented had produced in the representer.

The only method of supplying, however scantily, the want of personal observation, consists in representing individuals from among the people, localities from the country, and moments from the epoch ; leaving it to the spectator himself, to work the impressions which such pictures make upon him into an idea of the whole — into an abstraction.

Further, I think myself the less deserving of blame in not depicting heroes of any kind, neither of romance nor others, but only such insignificant individuals as form the mass of the people, for this reason : that the heroes and heroines of even the best historical novels—those of Walter Scott for instance,—excite, if I mistake not, far less interest than the living and powerful representations of scenes from the actual life of the people—for example of the Scotch and Highlanders : and these have in many respects a real historical importance, inasmuch as they facilitate to the reader, the

comprehension of the history and destinies of that people. I therefore cannot renounce the hope that I may contribute by these sketches to a better knowledge of one of the most remarkable, and yet least known of existing countries and people.

The only ground on which I preferred this form to that of the narrative of a journey, is the impossibility of conveniently inserting in the latter, all those single traits and pictures, which present themselves in endless succession to the attentive observer in a foreign land. It would be impossible in such an undertaking to avoid one of two evils—either the progress and form of an otherwise well arranged narrative would be interrupted and disfigured, or the dispersion of the single adventures and colours of such pictures, would put any lively or forcible impression out of the question.

That the developments of character in these sketches are no deeper or more widely expanded is justified by the title ; but they would be less suited to the subject itself than if that subject were another country — Germany for

instance. In the Spaniard, and if I mistake not, in the Southern in general, subjective life is predominant. Religion, custom, force, in short the positive, decides many questions, the solution of which belongs elsewhere to the province of the novel-writer. The material itself, therefore is limited in the subject which I have chosen ; and not to recognise those limits would be to misunderstand that subject.

In short, let the indulgent reader only recollect that he is turning over *sketches*, and he will forgive many things which it would be tedious to enumerate at present.

Great is the number of romances and novels in all languages, of which Spain is the scene : but all, with few exceptions, betray such ridiculous ignorance of the moral, as well as physical localities of that country, and its inhabitants, that they are not worthy of mention on that head, however great their merit may be on the score of invention. I only know three works of the kind which form an honourable exception : namely, Salvandy's *Don Alonzo*, and two novels which appeared a few years ago in London :

Don Esteban, and Sandoval. In Don Alonzo, are to be found many anecdotes and characters taken from the life of the people, and represented with striking truth; but they are often almost buried in romantic bombast, and amidst (certainly) very striking and attractive descriptions of historical events, and political affairs. It is far from my intention to enter the lists against that excellent work, with these hastily dashed-off sketches. I wish, on the contrary, to withhold the reader by this remark from making any comparison between them; since the substance and form of the two are so different.

The author of Don Esteban, and Sandoval, is a Spaniard, who lives in exile in London, on account of his political opinions. His narrations are disfigured by great (though certainly justifiable) party hatred, and by the desire to relate nothing but what is highly remarkable. In his descriptions of the Spaniards, those points are frequently omitted, which the stranger most desires to be informed upon, in order to obtain a lively picture of their nation; and in general, the writer endeavours more to excite the interest

of the reader by romantic events, dangers, and crimes, than by unexaggerated representations of actual ordinary life. It appears to me then, that it cannot be detrimental to these sketches, to have had the above mentioned predecessors ; since they are in fact quite distinct from those works, both in matter and in manner.

Whether the characters, manners, and events, which I describe, will give the reader a favourable opinion of that part of the Spanish people which they represent ; I must leave undecided. My object is neither to praise nor blame, but only to describe what exists ; and the reader must recollect, that all I can give here, is, a few figures from an infinitely varied and extensive picture. It depends upon the reception which this first attempt may find, whether others will or will not follow it. In the former case perhaps the single parts may in some degree arrange themselves into a whole. But it would be a subject of regret to me if the excellent nature and qualities of a people who have been unhappy more through the fault of others than their own, and whom I sincerely love and

esteem, should not also be perceived by my readers.

I considered myself called upon, in justice both to the reader and to myself, to say these few words as to the nature and object of these sketches. Let me also be permitted to prefix a few general observations, on the social and domestic life of the Spaniards, which may in many respects facilitate the proper comprehension of what follows.

It would be unjust to reproach me with laying too much stress on an insignificant object; for what can be of more importance than the social life of a people? It is the actual result of its manners, and of its civil and religious institutions. In it, more than in any thing, the degree and nature of a people's civilization is made apparent. In order to convince one-self of this, it is only necessary to consider how short the time is in ordinary life, which is, in a strict sense, occupied by civil duties or employments—how few hours of the year the generality of people pass either in the courts, or at church, or in the orator's tribune; while

(especially in the South) they pass the greater part of the day in free social intercourse of one kind or another. Yet, notwithstanding this, we believe we know a people, when we are scantily acquainted with its history and civil constitution;—and most authors think they have described a people sufficiently when they have represented these things more or less minutely; and they thus content themselves with despatching its social life in a few general phrases, if indeed they do not pass it over in total silence.

In reality, the peculiarities which distinguish Spain and the Spaniards from all other countries lie much less in their civil institutions, than in their social condition. Even in those countries which in the former respect offer essential differences, those differences are for the most part new, while the dissimilarity in social life is very old.

The character also of the Spaniards is in many respects very different from that which might be expected to result from their civil and religious institutions; for whilst these last bear the exact stamp of that political wisdom, which

was considered the highest before the revolution, and even now is ill concealed under new forms and denominations—whilst those, I say, have succumbed under the effects of an endless and excessive refinement, and the intricacy of the machinery, together with the slowness, formality and confusion arising from it,—the social life of the Spaniards, on the contrary, is distinguished by a freshness, simplicity and freedom, which is not to be found in the same degree amongst any other European people.

This is without doubt a striking contrast; but it is not the less true, because it is difficult to explain, and it is doubtless more convenient to many not to acknowledge such contradictions, or not to pay attention to them, as they might derange the general opinions and phrases with which people are so ready.

Yet surely when the national character, and cast of mind of the Spanish people, is in question, not only their religious and civil organization should be considered, but still more their social and domestic life. It is however not surprising that these should be exactly the points

which have produced very unfavourable opinions and views of the Spaniards, in several travellers, and through them on the public in general. The chief reason is, that many travellers have seen extremely little, and that little either very hastily or under the influence of extraordinary prejudices. This happens indeed with all countries, (one has only to call to mind the opinions of English travellers on Germany and France) but no where so frequently as in Spain. Some remarks on this point may therefore not be deemed superfluous.

Spain is perhaps less visited by travellers than any country of Europe. This circumstance alone is sufficient to account for the fact, that the few who do visit that country enter it with a proportionally greater stock of prejudices than is the case when other countries are concerned, and these prejudices yield with more difficulty to an unbiassed view, because they are generally mixed with a large share of presumption.

No French or English commercial traveller arrives in Spain, who does not look down with

great contempt, on a people so far behind his own country, in the manufacture of pommades or cotton cloths! This self-conceit is alone sufficient to close the eyes even of learned and accomplished travellers; and to it are added the real inconveniences and dangers of the journey—which easily put one who is accustomed to the convenience and safety of other countries into a permanent ill humour; and in this state of mind he judges of all that goes on around him.

Another principal difficulty with most travellers, is the want of sufficient acquaintance with the language of the country. This indeed is an indispensable condition, without which *no* traveller can claim a right to offer an opinion on the people.—And this applies in an especial manner to Spain, where a foreign language is not even sufficient for obtaining the most essential wants of life.

These and other reasons, which this is not the place to treat of, may explain how it happens, that many travellers visit Spain, only to paint, with their eyes shut, the prejudices which they have brought with them, and perhaps the in-

dividual appearances which have forced themselves on their notice disagreeably, and against their will, and to publish the creations of their fancy, or recollections from the accounts of their predecessors, as representations of the people and the country.

I will bring forward only one insignificant example. According to the general opinion, the Spaniards have dark and gloomy countenances and black eyes—they wear broad-brimmed hats, and their hair in nets,—have large brown cloaks, and are ragged, dirty, poor and idle. This picture is in fact true of particular parts of some provinces, but is ridiculously untrue of many others, for instance the Biscayan provinces. The Basques are rather fair than dark-haired, they wear no broad hats, nor their hair in nets, nor any cloaks—they are on the whole in easy circumstances, or at least very far from ragged, and are one of the most active, industrious, and cheerful people to be found any where.

When the sort of traveller I have spoken of arrives in Castile, where he finds at least a part of the creations of his own fancy, it is

enough for him, as the diligence drives quickly past, to see a few men sitting or standing about wrapped in brown cloaks, with their hats pulled down over their faces, and with countenances gloomy, at all events, in the eyes of a Frenchman, to make him give up these people to his imagination, as vagabonds, robbers, beggars, or conspirators; and he brings forward on the subject a string of the finest and most philanthropic and enlightened phrases.

Far be it from me to deny that there are, and have been, many travellers in Spain, who have in some degree understood the art of seeing and hearing; although one easily perceives in the best descriptions of Spain, that the authors have confined their observations of men, to much too narrow and select a circle, and have kept themselves too much apart from the mass. If, then, the opinions even of such travellers, are in great part unfavourable to the Spaniards, it would be expedient to enquire, how far the principles on which such opinions are founded, are tenable and praiseworthy. Whoever looks upon our social life as the only

blossom or fruit of civilization, cannot avoid accusing the Spaniards of barbarism.

For the theatres, coffee-houses, and numberless other places of public amusement, without which, even comparatively small places in civilized Europe cannot exist, and in which the largest cities of Spain are inferior to them—for the dinners, suppers, dejeuners, ambigus, thé-dansants, soirées, balls, and routs, or whatever the inventions of the insatiable emptiness of our social life may be called—no compensation is to be found in Spain; and the simple course of domestic life is only interrupted on rare and solemn occasions. Even in Madrid, it is only the highest ranks who in this point endeavour to adopt foreign manners. To this is added, that exactly the only public entertainment to which the Spaniards give themselves up, with much passion, is the bull-fights, which are condemned without mercy by our tender-hearted civilization. If one adds to this the poverty in the innumerable objects of luxury, in clothing and nourishment, which our refined taste has raised more or less into necessities, it

becomes easily explained why the greater number of strangers vituperate and condemn Spain, on account of its insufferable monotony, and look upon it rather as a part of barbarous Africa, than as the head of civilized Europe.

Such opinions are entirely worthy of the spirit of our whole civilization and enlightenment, and they resemble the spirit which they contain! The ultimate object of our whole industrial-representative doctrine of civilization, is the production of the greatest possible quantity of material enjoyments, and the distribution of them amongst the greatest possible number of persons. Freedom itself—the freedom of the press, of thought, of elections, of industry, and of trade—is necessary only, because without freedom the sciences, industry, trade itself fails, enjoyments are diminished, and steam-engines are frightened away. The sciences are necessary and must be favoured, only because their inventions are of service to manufactures and trade, and increase the number of enjoyments. Freedom, science, religion, poetry, are different wheels in the great machine which fabricates

pleasure for the people, or in which the people walk round fabricating it for themselves; and these machines are the more praiseworthy, the more simply and quickly they work, and the more good work they perform. Nations themselves stand higher according to the greatness and variety of their enjoyments.

All this has its fair side, and must be looked on as a stage of civilization; but the arrogance is blameable which regards it as the only desirable state of things. One may be permitted to hope, that other objects and motives lie at the bottom of the lives of nations, as well as of individuals; that the wretchedness of such a view, lies only in the view, in the system, and not in the thing itself; and that the emptiness of this system will be gradually laid open and felt,—in short, that some other scale will be introduced and acknowledged, by which to test the worth of a nation, rather than the number of yards of cotton which it is capable of producing. We praise, or used to praise formerly, in the ancients, their habit of dwelling in poor huts, whilst the temples of their gods,

and other public buildings, rose in all the greatness and splendour, which materials or art could give to the works of man. This is still, more or less, the case in Spain,—the dwellings of private people are simply unpretending; while the churches, convents, hospitals, and courts of justice, are splendid: an infallible sign of barbarism, according to existing ideas of civilization.

The present is not the place to develop more fully this subject; and I can find no other excuse for what I have said, than the ill-humour which the judgments and opinions on Spain and Spaniards, so generally diffused, are calculated to excite in the mind of an unprejudiced observer, who giving account to himself with all conscientiousness, can neither perceive nor understand the great advantage which nations, considered as civilized, have over the Spaniards, unless he allows himself to be entirely biassed by the appearances and circumstances of the moment. However paradoxical it may seem, there is perhaps no other country so calculated as Spain, to raise doubts of the boasted wisdom of our political economists.

Although the material disadvantages arising from the whole physical and moral connection of causes and events, which for centuries have formed the Spanish state, and the Spanish people, have been much exaggerated, yet it cannot be denied that they exist in a high degree. But it is the more remarkable that this order of things, characterize it as we may, produces, and has produced a people, and a race, which in real moral worth, and natural talents, whether one considers it as a whole, or in its individuals, is not excelled by any nation in the world.

But we must return to our subject.—If the public amusements, and the enjoyments of life amongst the Spaniards are more simple than with us, yet they are more uniformly diffused amongst all classes, and can be repeated more frequently, and even daily, on account of their great simplicity. A pleasure, for instance, which both sexes are passionately fond of in Spain, is the Paseo—the taking a walk. Every city, every town, every village almost, has its Alameda, or its Paseo—replacing on a diminished scale, the Prado of Madrid—a level space between two rows of trees, with stone benches,

and a well or fountain. Here the inhabitants assemble in great numbers every evening, to walk up and down a few turns, to rest upon a bench, to drink a glass of iced water, and lastly, to see and to be seen.

It should not pass unobserved, how great a part fresh water plays in the enjoyments of the Spaniards ; the hot climate, and the scantiness of water, in some places, cause it to be used with more care than it is elsewhere ; and in the countries and towns most abundant in water, you will often try in vain to procure so fresh and inviting a draught as the Aguadores offer you in Spain, at all houses, in every street and square.

Another public amusement, if one may so call it, quite peculiar to Spain, at least in *this* mode, is the assemblies of men on some public square, which takes place every morning between ten and eleven o'clock. In Madrid it is at the Puerta del Sol ; in Toledo at the Zocodovar ; in Seville, on the Place of St. Domingo ; in Granada, the Place of Vivarrambla and the Zacatin, and at other spots in other towns.

These assemblies have a striking resemblance to the Forum, or *Αγορη* of the ancients. Here, partly, private affairs are despatched; but the public interests of the day also, from the emptiest gossip, to the most important affairs of the town, province, or country, are discussed amongst the numerous groups, with zeal and often with some degree of talent; and, however incredible it may appear, always with an openness not to be found, under the like circumstances, in any other country. *This* moment, in the daily life of the Spaniards, has such a charm for them, that I have heard the avowal from men, who have lived in the most brilliant capitals of Europe, and were rather inclined to over-value foreign countries, that all the enjoyments, and pleasures of Paris, Vienna, London, and Berlin, could not compensate to them for the hour that they were accustomed to pass at the *Puerta del Sol* in Madrid.

But these assemblies are of more importance than they appear to the stranger at the first glance. He who is able to judge the character, frame of mind, and change of the groups which

assemble at the Puerta del Sol, for instance, has already an available clue to the course of public affairs.

The proper societies of Spaniards, the so called *Tertullas*, answer in a general way to the *conversaciones* of the Italians, and to those *veillées* which are common in the provinces of France. Whoever is introduced into a house, is seldom or ever again formally invited—leave only is given him by the general impression, “this house is yours,” to come again as often as he likes, but with the understanding, that neither he nor its inhabitants are to impose the slightest constraint upon each other. If the visitor comes at the hour of the mid-day meal, he is welcome as a guest; if he comes during the *siesta*, no one is at home to him. If he comes after the *siesta*, and finds the family at home, he is welcome to conversation, music, or dancing, and sometimes (but more in the higher circle) to play:—all this, however, without the slightest preparation, or the least constraint. If one or two couples wish to dance, and some one is present who will play for them, either on

the violin, pianoforte, or especially the guitar, a player of which is never wanting—they dance as long as they find it agreeable.

In general the fundamental principle of the *Tertulla** is, that the ordinary course of household arrangements, and life, is not to be in any way disturbed by it. There are also no expenses connected with it, since usually nothing is presented to the guest but a glass of water, or at most a cup of chocolate.

On this account, it happens that all ranks, rich and poor, have their *Tertullas*—that is to say, that there are few families who may not assemble their friends in their house at night, provided their qualities of mind or body are such, that they can attract or fix any one. These *Tertullas*, however, do not oblige the family or person who gives them, to remain at home to expect their guests—if they prefer going to the *Paseo*, or to another *Tertulla*, and

* What may be the etymology of the word *Tertulla*?—I have not yet succeeded in discovering anything satisfactory on that point.

their visitors find the house empty, nobody thinks there is any thing to find fault with.

The same absence of constraint prevails in their dress, and people go into the *Tertulla*, and give the *Tertulla*, in the same dress which they wore the whole day during their usual occupations. The character of social life in Spain is best described by an expression which the stranger hears frequently, if he seeks there the ceremony, prudery and vanity of ours, or takes them with him and cannot get rid of them immediately. Unfortunately this expression cannot be literally translated, precisely because the thing itself is not known in other countries—"Aqui hay franqueza"—say the Spaniards.

It may be asked—what pleasure or what profit can arise from the assembly and intercourse of persons who are so wanting in knowledge, and in subjects for conversation, and whose intellectual condition is so confined, as we imagine (in a certain sense and up to a certain point with justice) that of the Spaniards to be? My intention is here, to try the weak sides of that which we praise in other countries,

as education, and to examine to what degree this education — this repletion of impressions and images, which flow almost entirely from books, and seldom from the external life to the internal,—enriches and strengthens the mind, or blunts and enervates it; and how far social life (to keep to that point) gains or loses by it.

I wish only to explain the grounds of the reproach which people apply to the Spaniards. I lay it down as a thing proved by experience, that a foreigner who brings with him a healthy, open mind—as it were an undepraved intellectual stomach—will in a very short time take a permanent liking to the social life and conversation of the Spaniards—in a word, to the *Tertulla*.

The causes which produce this pleasure are easy to discover. The Spaniards, however confined the circle of their ideas and knowledge may be, bring to any conversation on the objects which lie within this circle, a certain earnestness and well-intentioned zeal, which is necessarily the soul of conversation. They bring, on the other hand, a hearty open feeling

for a jest; a free understanding of the maxim, "give and take;" and, generally, a natural wit, and a lusty humour, which our over-refinement excludes. The Spanish language itself is the only one, except the English, which contains humour in copious streams. Moreover, the Spaniard generally brings to social intercourse, a capacity for the reception of all that is beautiful and noble, a very just, if not a very supple understanding; a lively imagination, and efficient practical sense in his circle of wants and wishes; frequently an ardent desire of knowledge, which, however, only yields to conviction, and which prefers the living word to the letter: lastly, and what is most to be remarked, a natural address and dignity of behaviour, which excludes vulgarity, and great facility of expression in a language whose force and richness he alone can rightly estimate who has heard it in the country itself. The thing might perhaps be said in two words; the Spaniards are less *blasés* than we civilized and more highly educated people; and they are less "sophisticate," as Shakspeare somewhere says.

Every unprejudiced person will grant that these alone are elements which give agreeability and interest to social life: but many other qualities essential to those ends may be added. Without bringing forward, in opposition to the general opinion of the ignorance of the Spaniards, the great number of men whom later times have made acquainted with the scientific treasures of other countries, at least of France and England, we will try the question by the average scale of knowledge, as it is generally found amongst the Spaniards.

It is true that with us a gymnasiast learns and knows a number of things in history, natural history, mathematics, ancient and modern languages, and so on, which are unknown in Spain, even to a (so-called) *Sabio*, or learned man. But it is equally true that this continual learning, this repletion from without, on which our whole education is grounded, and which perhaps is not to be altered, weakens and blunts in most cases, the powers of the mind, the very springs of intellectual life, and every thing which is emphatically *natural*, and cannot be learned.

So that the majority, when they have once attained the end of all this learning, — an office or practical employment — when they have entered practical life as men — reject the greater part if not all of that acquired and (so to speak) formal and forced knowledge, and then, mostly with a mind crippled and dried up, and without any of the higher elements of intellectual interest, merely vegetate.

In Spain it is otherwise. The Spaniard does not learn so much in his youth; but neither does he forget so much; and his powers of mind remain fresher and more original; his character and judgment form themselves earlier in real life; and as a man, he stands there, much poorer in knowledge it is true, but much richer in experience, in sound manly understanding, and in living interest for that which he knows, and desire for that which he does not know, than is generally the case with us.

The knowledge itself of the Spaniard is, on the whole, of that kind which gives an easier and fresher nourishment to social conversation, and

to the living word, than our comprehensive book learning, book imagination, and book-sensibility; because it is for the most part connected with actual life, and with what immediately surrounds society. In every company, in every small town, one finds one or more persons who occupy themselves with the history, the arts, the antiquities or the remarkable objects of natural history, of their province, city, or town. They do this after their own fashion, it is true, and without a general view, or perhaps even an idea, of the connection of these appearances immediately surrounding them, with the great whole of science. But their interest is alive; what they know, they have themselves seen, themselves collected with trouble, and as it were discovered, although it may long have been known elsewhere. Their circle too takes a lively interest in their pursuits; their knowledge is as it were a common property, which is deposited with them for the honour and improvement of their province, city or village, and it is pointed out to the

stranger with a certain patriotic pride, and is zealously defended against the pretensions and merits of neighbours.

The female sex occupies, as one may imagine, a very important place in the social life of the Spaniards; and consequently love is a prime agent in the general result which ensues. It is usually a matter of course that every he and she in the Tertulla which they have once got into the habit of frequenting, is carrying on an affair of the heart. This is really a kind of mutual supposition or understanding. No one thinks of putting difficulties in the way of another; on the contrary, there is something comic in the way in which society facilitates these matters to a stranger, who has not yet made his choice, and therefore does not well know where he belongs to, and where he is to seek his place; or to a couple who are seeking each other.

What is to be said against this, is easily said; and without pronouncing a judgment, I merely wish to characterize. Love and the intercourse with women, in Spain, is not mere light gallantry,

or cold calculation ; as it is for the most part in France ; it is also not merely coarse sensuality, or measured ceremony, such as are to be seen in curious contrast in the office of Cavaliere Servente in Italy. The Cortejo in Spain is no mask, no smart show husband, like the Cavaliere Servente in Italy, but a bonâ fide lover, of real flesh and blood, whom mutual passion attaches to a woman.

If married fidelity and its laws are not so strictly attended to in Spain as the opinions of the north require, at all events the fidelity of love is so much the more sacredly observed. Infidelity in love is branded by public opinion, whilst on the other hand society protects almost every tie which love has fastened. The Spanish women make love their chief occupation, and look upon the duties and laws of love as the most important and binding. The severe judgments which have been formed on Spanish women, if they are not entirely the fruits of vanity and imagination, arise from the great freedom and absence of restraint in expression ; from that very *franqueza* which lies at the

root of Spanish life, and which easily misleads a stranger who is a superficial observer, or is apt to draw theoretical conclusions from erroneous inferences and hasty opinions. Whatever faults the Spanish women may have, they are neither coquettes nor prudes; and that at least is a great point in their favour. That which the women bring into society, besides love, and in which the whole society may have a share, while love *belongs* to one alone, is an unequalled natural grace in speech, in looks, in all their movements—in short, in their whole being; and this in a degree not to be met with elsewhere. They possess a natural understanding and wit, with a facility and force of expression, which are really astonishing, considering the total want of what is generally understood by education and instruction. They have also great enthusiasm for the glory, the independence and the freedom of their country, and in general a liveliness and freshness of all feelings and interests, whether it be love, religion, hate, jealousy, joy or grief, which show themselves without false shame or prudery, and break

forth on every occasion, like an uncontrollable stream, in inspired words, glowing looks, and the most expressive yet graceful movements.

Should this picture of the Spanish women appear to the reader too warm, or too highly coloured, I refer him to what Laborde says on this subject, in his excellent work, which can the less be objected to as it comes from a Frenchman, who certainly would not without the most pressing conviction have made a comparison of this kind between the Spanish ladies and his own countrywomen. He says amongst other things, very justly, "The Spanish women have a freedom in their expressions and in their behaviour which is apt to produce an unfavourable impression on strangers; but when one knows them better, one finds that they appear to promise much more than they grant, and that they do not even allow those familiarities which in other countries the most strict females think they may permit without any detriment."

A later traveller, Townshend, who is often caustic and not rarely hasty in his judgments,

has made the same observation ; but he draws a conclusion from it which is very unfavourable to the Spanish women. “As they feel their weakness and know how easily they may be inflamed, they distrust themselves, because they are afraid of yielding too easily.”

This is supposing in them extraordinary weakness and extraordinary calculation ; and they have neither. The kind of reserve alluded to is founded in their manners and feelings ; it arises from their principles in love, which do not allow them to set about reckoning before-hand the precise limits to which their passion shall extend, or to use that coquetry which is so common in other countries.

“If Spanish women,” Laborde concludes, “are amiable, if they are sometimes well informed, they have themselves only to thank for it ; education has done nothing for them ; it is almost entirely neglected. If their natural talents were developed and expanded by a careful education, the Spanish women would be too charming.”

But one must first know what is to be understood by an “education soignée,” and whether that which the Frenchman understands by it, is to be desired for the Spaniards.

Without wishing to infer much from it, I will here observe, that the English and French women on the whole do not please in Spain; while, on the contrary, they fancy to themselves the German women as the ideal of softness — fair hair, blue eyes, and roses and lilies, “*han de ser muy dulces las Alemanas,*”* say the Spaniards.

Another characteristic trait in the private life of the Spaniards, is a degree of social freedom and equality unknown in any other country, which in the Tertulla, the Paseo, or the Place brings into contact the artizan, the merchant, the officer, the employé, the clergyman of every rank, the noble, the marquis and the count, on a footing of the most perfect equality; and it is worthy of observation, that this equality prevails as much or still more amongst the women,

* The German women are said to be very soft.

who unfortunately in other countries so often undertake the unamiable character of priestesses to the arrogance of nobility, wealth or title.

No one however must infer from what has now been said on social freedom and equality, that those classes of persons, whose poverty or want of education, have placed them in the lowest grades of civil society press themselves into the intercourse of the higher orders, and seek for a gratification to their vanity by so doing. Exactly the contrary is the case: the independence of the lower classes in Spain has never that insolent, aggressive and impudent character which one often finds in France and England, and which especially in England, often alternates with the most cringing humility. In a word even in the commonest Spaniard, even in the populace there is not that lowness or coarse vulgarity which one often finds in the same classes in the north. I remember an Englishman who knew Spain thoroughly, and often bitterly censured it, but always concluded his remarks thus: "and yet, by God, they are noble fellows!"

The same honest pride which requires that where the different classes come into contact it should take place with the most perfect equality — the pride which sees in that circumstance, no triumph, no honour, but something which is a matter of course and quite natural, prevents an annoying intrusion and inconvenient mixing of men, who from their different education can have no satisfactory or agreeable points of contact in society. What divides society is the intellectual education, and intellectual wants only, not the external position of its members ; and within that body which is called in a general way the educated classes, there is no social aristocracy — no separation.

From the scope of the foregoing remarks, there is only to be excepted some remains of the old *Grandeza* whose life belongs exclusively to the court. The classes that lie below or without this boundary have not, as one might imagine, the wish to overstep it, but rather hold themselves to their equals. But where chance brings together the lower or lowest classes with the higher or highest, for instance, on journeys,

or on passing occasions of mutually rendering service, it always takes place with the most perfect equality; which is only possible through this circumstance, that the lower classes are only distinguished *intellectually* from the higher, by less information, while they have all natural talents in common with them, but especially a natural address, and dignity of behaviour and manner, and an ease and force of expression, which excludes cringing or coarse vulgarity, and makes it possible for the man of education and rank to hold intercourse with the common man as with his equal.

Thus it arises that the outward forms of politeness and of social intercourse are nearly the same amongst all classes; so that the educated inhabitant of a town can step without any disagreeable feeling or collision into a venta full of carriers and muleteers, or into a peasant's house; and the countryman or muleteer can enter the most brilliant coffee-house, or the dwelling of the richest townsman, without embarrassment or humiliation. This kind of social freedom and equality, the honest pride, the

grave, and measured politeness, the noble bearing which one meets with almost throughout, and more especially amongst the lower classes, produce in the stranger who has any feeling for these qualities, a kind of permanent, agreeable sensation, a certain delight, which I at least, have never felt in any other country, but on the contrary, have frequently painfully felt the want of. Nay! even at the risk of appearing eccentric, I avow that this feeling has made all hardships or dangers which may be connected with travelling in Spain, not only supportable, but even agreeable, and has caused me to think with a sort of longing regret, of the many delightful evenings I have passed in a Spanish *venta*, after a fatiguing day's journey.

I am morally and by experience convinced, that whoever finds exceptions to this rule, and cannot get on with the Spaniards, has almost always himself to blame for it. He who does not understand the language, or speak it fluently—he especially who forgets the essential rules, viz., to treat every one as his equal, and to give himself no airs of any kind, and he who

shows distrust, fear, or arrogance, towards the Spaniard, or who treats him with unbecoming familiarity, is sure to have a bad understanding with him, and to find himself in a disagreeable position.

People reproach the Spaniards with their pride, and the more bitterly that the traditional prejudice represents it as the ridiculous and groundless pride of a beggar. But this opinion arises partly from a false supposition, partly from the vanity of those who entertain it. The pride of the Spaniards is not founded on an over-estimate of the external advantages of the country or people, or on an ignorance of their own wants, and the advantages of foreigners. In general it is not so much national pride as human or man's pride. In a word, it is not vanity nor arrogance, but that genuine *natural* pride which justifies itself, and neither seeks nor requires any external motive. The pride of the Spaniards is generally any thing but aggressive. They allow willingly to the foreigner the advantage in a number of outward acquirements and their fruits; but then

they do not set so very high a value on these things, because they do not miss them, and also in spite of this comparison they preserve the feeling of their own worth.

But if sometimes the pride of the Spaniard shows itself in a less noble manner, if he seeks sometimes to extol boastingly that which is his own, in opposition to what is foreign, it will be found to be almost always in cases where he has been irritated by an insufferable contempt, and an offensive vanity on the part of foreigners. When the Spaniard looks upon the heroes and heroic deeds of his history—on the splendid monuments of the arts which still surround him — on the riches of his literature, and of his language; while he feels within himself the pride which is conscious of no offence or oppression, and would, therefore, suffer none; while lastly he feels secure of being able to satisfy his simple wants, and does not miss the luxuries of foreign countries, surely it may with some justice appear ridiculous and offensive to him, that foreigners should dare to consider him as a slave and a beggar.

A farther analysis of these subjects, proofs of the facts, and explanations of their causes, would lead me too far; but I am not without the hope that the following sketches may contribute with some readers at least, to modify their opinions upon Spain and the Spanish people.

SCENES
OF
SPANISH LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

LA VENTA DE CARDENAS.*

AT the entrance of the well known pass of Despeñaperros, through which the high-road leads from Castile to Andalusia, over the Sierra Morena, stands a solitary inn, called the Venta de Cardenas, well known to travellers throughout all Spain.

Close behind the house, rise the rocky hills of the Sierra Morena split asunder by gorges. The mountains appear to the traveller, who ap-

* In Spain, a solitary inn removed from a village or town, is called a Venta. The inns in villages or towns are called Fondas, Posadas, Mesones. The Fondas are the principal ones.

proaches them through the high and bald plain of Castile and La Mancha, only like a row of low dark blue hills, while on the southern, Andalusian side, they rise in powerful masses.

Before the Venta the naked reddish plain of La Mancha extends as far as the horizon, and the eye seeks refreshment from the monotony of this prospect, on the small portion of green, which lies in its immediate neighbourhood. On the side of the house is a thicket of almond trees, and roses, and a small garden run to waste, containing some vegetables, cucumbers and melons, which with their luxuriant tendrils and leaves, almost conceal the nearest trees, and bend towards the earth, with the weight of their fruits. In the middle of the garden a wheel to draw water, of the simplest construction, such as was introduced into Spain by the Arabs, is set into creaking motion, by a mule, which paces round with blinded eyes and measured step.

In front of this inn of Cardenas, arrived, on

a fine evening of the month of May 1822, a train of heavily laden mules with their drivers (arrieros) and some travellers. Both men and cattle were covered with the red clayey dust of La Mancha, and expressed, each in his way, their joy, at the ending of a long and toilsome day's journey. The tired men were only welcomed by the violent barking of some powerful mastiffs, which were chained up beside the Venta; whilst full a dozen of beautiful grey hounds, such as La Mancha produces, sprang forward from all sides, and increased the noise.

The Mayoral, or conductor of the train, an old man, whose sunburnt visage expressed honesty united with the cunning of long experience, got off a little mare which he rode, with the exclamation, "God be praised!" and led her by the bridle, through a small wicket, which was introduced into the great gateway of the Venta, and had been opened in the mean time.

The mules followed prudently and in good

order, one after the other, with long outstretched necks, and placed themselves of their own accord, inside, in such a manner, that they could be conveniently unloaded. The drivers and the travellers followed them, and as it had become dark, the wicket was again carefully closed and barricadoed.

A more detailed description of the inside of the Venta de Cardenas may give the reader a picture of the best class of Spanish Ventas, which sometimes are built at considerable expense, and belong to a munificent foundation, or to some grand senor whose coat of arms is then generally displayed over the door. The resemblance of such Ventas to the Caravanserais of the East is striking. The whole forms only one room, a spacious hall, the ceiling of which is formed by the roof of the house itself, with its rafters supported by three rows of strong square stone pillars. Even by day, this extensive space only receives, through a few small apertures in the side walls, and through win-

dows in the roof, a scanty light to which the eye must first accustom itself before it can recognize objects, and comprehend them. In this hall, there is room for men, cattle and cargoes, and it may on many occasions, have given shelter to full a hundred men, and two or three hundred mules, without their incommoding or disturbing each other. Immediately round the gate stood several loaded carriers' carts and four-wheeled waggons, called "galeras." The mules were tied up along the wall on either side, and were only perceived by their stamping and snorting. Around some of the pillars were heaped up the chests, sacks, and bales of different caravans which had taken up their night's quarters in the Venta, while opposite to the gate, at the farther end of the hall, blazed a cheering fire. The smoke found its way partly through the windows in the roof, and partly rose up like a light cloud under the rafters. The only separate space was a partition on the side of the fire place, destined for

the Ventero and his family, and for keeping the necessary kitchen utensils, forming as it were a small house within the house. Against one wall of this partition were ranged full a dozen vessels of red clay, of the height of a man, and proportionate breadth, which contained the necessary water for the cattle, while a great number of smaller vessels of a neat form stood upon a plank, within reach of the travellers, whenever they desired to drink. Between the rafters of the roof were some garrets, which seemed to cling there like swallows' nests.

Round about the fire, and in its vicinity, a great number of men had collected together in separate groups; some occupied with preparing their night's quarters, or their food, while others sat on little stools round small low tables, (reminding one of Eastern customs) and consumed their frugal supper.

At the fire was the Padrona, an elderly but hale woman, busy with some maids, in getting ready all sorts of food, which stood around or

hung over the fire in several dishes and pots—and the guests carefully made room for the sharp and zealous mistress of the house. A priest, in the dress of the order of Dominicans, seated in a wooden arm-chair, had taken possession of the best place by the fire. He was a corpulent personage, with fiery eyes, a cunning look, a high forehead, and a mouth which expressed severity and imperiousness. Near him sat the Ventero, not seeming to trouble himself about any of his other guests. He was a character such as Cervantes alone can paint, and which is perhaps only to be met with in Spain.

The travellers last arrived also went up to the fire, and greeted the company with an “Ave Maria purissima!—good evening Caballeros, may your supper do you good.” This greeting was returned by the muleteers, carriers, and peasants, with that grave politeness which distinguishes, and so greatly facilitates the intercourse, of all classes in Spain.

Those sitting nearest, invited the new comers

to partake of their supper, with the words, "Do you please to sup with us, gentlemen?" for in Spain the Arab custom still prevails, that no one eats or drinks without having first invited his neighbours, and even passers-by to partake of the meal. "A thousand thanks, gentlemen,"—answered one of the travellers, a tall, thin, but well-made man, with a high forehead, and a kind but serious expression of countenance, thick coal-black hair, and a delicately formed mouth.—The whole expression of his countenance was attractive, yet enigmatical.—Reflection and observation were the prevailing characters; yet it was not without a mixture of softness, which almost betrayed weakness.

This man wore a long black great coat, which, together with a half fashionable hat, gave him the appearance of a stranger.—Nevertheless, he expressed himself in fluent Castilian, yet not without a slight hissing and superfluous aspiration, which showed him to be an Andalusian;

and addressing the hostess, he inquired in a friendly way. "Well, Padrona, what can you give us to eat?"

"Nothing at all," answered the Padrona rudely, and without even deigning to look at the inquirer.

"My wife will get cooked for you, whatever you have brought with you, sir," added the innkeeper rather more civilly.

"I must finish boiling this chicken, for the worthy Father Franciso first, and then we will see," concluded the Padrona.

The traveller seemed a little rebuffed at this rather sharp way of dispatching him, and one of his companions said to him, laughing, "Ha! Don Antonio, have you again already forgotten that you are not travelling in your much praised France? but make yourself easy, I have provided for both of us."

The last speaker was a young man of about twenty years of age, whose whole appearance expressed gay and unconcerned enjoyment of

life. His dark brown locks escaped in rich profusion from under a sort of military cap, called a "Cachucha," and a neat newly adopted mustachio surrounded his mouth, which seemed to be familiar with nothing but laughter, and careless jests. His dress was half town, half a country dress, and it had evidently not been spared on journeys, and in the forest and the field. He carried on his shoulder a long fowling piece; and not in vain, as it appeared;—for holding up a pair of wild ducks, which he had shot on the way, he called out—"Come—there will be some charitable soul at least who will boil or roast these ducks for us;" and thereupon hanging up his gun on a pillar, he began to pluck them; he was soon, however, interrupted in his work, by a young girl, who sprang up to him, and said, in a friendly manner, "Jesus! young gentleman, how awkward you are! and yet you have such pretty hands! give them to me—I will take care about your supper."

“God bless your black eyes, queen of my soul! for in truth I know how to employ my pretty hands, and the arms that belong to them, in a better way”

The girl slipped cleverly away from him, and the young man, while his supper was getting ready, sat down with his two travelling companions, at one of the small tables, or rather benches, which had become vacant in the mean time. The third traveller, leaning upon a soldier's musket with a bayonet, had as yet taken no part in what was going on. He was an elderly man, with inexpressive features, reddish hair, and piercing grey eyes, and wore a grey infantry great coat, such as had been introduced into the national militia at Madrid. He only took a seat after repeated invitations from his young companion.

“You do not hear or see again, Vallejo”—cried the latter; “Is not that a charming girl?”

“You are a charming baby, Rojas,” was the reply. “I have seen and heard more than

you ; for instance, look at the venerable father, who considers us so attentively over his shoulder."

"Well," said the other laughing, "the Right Reverend has found out by our looks, what spirit we are children of, and in order to make him more sure of his affair, I will immediately sing him the *tragala*, and will teach it to that young girl, who is now kissing the old sinner's hand."

"To-morrow morning, when you have again forgotten the girl," said his companion, "I will tell you more about the Pater; and as to the *tragala*, be so good as to look behind those pillars there."

Rojas now looked round, and observed several pairs of cuirassiers' boots, which were hanging on one of the pillars—"Well?" said he, laughing——

"Well," said Vallejo, "no one here wears such boots, except the carbineers, a squadron of whom are quartered at Andujar, and have

probably a post here; therefore, good youth, be so good as to swallow your *tragala** yourself this time, for I have no desire to get into scrapes on your account, and I have other things to do."

Rojas had only heard with half an ear, the warning of his companion; for in the mean time the girl had come to lay the table, in which operation she was disturbed by the jests of the young man, and frequently frightened by her mother calling to her. At last the supper was brought, and occupied the hungry travellers sufficiently for some time. The Mayoral also, who had been busied hitherto with his mules and baggage, now came up to the society, and greeted the strangers politely, and the hostess with a familiar "Good evening, mother Anna." This last answered the salutation, with unaccustomed civility. "Eh!

* *Tragala* was the burden of a revolutionary song. The word itself means *swallow it*.

father Ramon*—so you shew yourself again at last upon this road—a hearty welcome to you.”

After the supper was concluded with some olives, the wine skin kept the company still together. Rojas had taken up a guitar, and touched the strings with dexterous nonchalance, singing all sorts of songs to the young girl, who always managed to find something to do in his vicinity. The Pater had looked on at what they were about, with increasing annoyance, and on a sign from him, the voice of the mother resounded afresh—“Go to bed, Pepita!—Are you not ashamed?—Away—Kiss the venerable father’s hand, and go to bed.”

Half rebelling, and yet ashamed, Pepita did what she was ordered, but Rojas still called out to her, “Stop a moment, saltcellar,† I will teach you another evening blessing”—

* Elderly men and women are called, literally, in Spain, “Uncle” and “Aunt;”—but the expression answers exactly to our “Father” in this signification.

† A Spanish term of admiration.

and turning towards the Pater, he sang in a mocking tone, some verses of the *tragala*. On receiving a serious look, however, from his companion, he broke off, and followed the example of the other guests, who had already, for the most part, sought their night's berths. Woollen blankets, and sheepskins, were laid out like rays around the pillars which were nearest to the fire-place, on which the muleteers and travellers laid themselves down, wrapped in their cloaks, whilst their arms, wine-skins, and other travelling appendages, were hung upon the pillars above them. By degrees, noise after noise died away in the spacious hall; the fire had burned down to a few scanty embers; and soon nothing was heard in the darkness, but the monotonous snoring of the sleepers, and every now and then the stamping of the mules and horses.

Before break of day, all was again stirring in the venta. The running backwards and forwards of the drivers, who were feeding, water-

ing, and loading the mules, and the sound of the bells, with which one caravan after another departed, drove away sleep even from those, whose business would not have called them up so early. The worthy Ramon was one of the last who appeared, as he had only a short day's journey before him. Our three travellers paid the Padrona, a most unconscionable demand, for the noise,* as she called it, and set out on foot, after Rojas had in vain waited to see the kind Pepita, and had felt himself not a little mortified, when the Padrona assured him very drily that Pepita was still asleep. Ramon's mules also were soon ready, and set out in company with their drivers towards the pass.

Ramon stood in the meanwhile still under the gateway, and sipped down deliberately his cup of chocolate, according to the custom in Spain, where it is given gratis to the traveller after the bill has been paid.

* "Por el ruido,"—that is to say for the preparation of the food, waiting and reception in the house.

"A good journey to you, father Ramon. May God escort you!" said the Padrona, who always shewed herself extremely gracious to her old friend.

"We may stand in need of it," said the Mayoral—"Bad times, mother Anna! from your own door even one can distinguish a new* cross on the road. Well, the Holy Virgin be with you old friend—Pray for the poor soul, and for us too—farewell!"——

While he was saying these words, he examined circumspectly the lock of his musket, hung it upon the saddle, mounted his little mare, and then trotted after the train, which the windings of the pass had in the meantime hidden from his sight.

"A worthy man, that old Ramon," said the Padrona to herself—"a thorough old Castilian

* A cross is set up in Spain wherever a murder has been committed; generally, the name of the deceased and the date of the murder are written upon it.

—yes indeed, they are bad times; but if he himself brings two such godless freemasons and atheists with him, I should not be surprised at any thing happening to him. If it were not for Ramon's sake, not an Ave Maria would I say for the vagabonds, even if it would keep the seven children of Ecija* from them."

"But mother," interrupted Pepita, who in the meantime had come up to her, "the Mili-ciano was a smart youth, and knew such pretty songs—and"—

"Silence, Pepita," said the old woman, "learn your old commandments better, instead of new songs, and rise earlier. Now come and make father Francisco's chocolate." So saying, she went into the house, and the girl tripped pouting after her.

* Los siete ninos de Ecija,—a band of robbers, who infested for many years, the high road between Cordova and Seville, and especially the neighbourhood of Ecija.

CHAPTER II.

THE SIERRA MORENA.

RAMON, in the mean time had overtaken his mules, just as they were beginning slowly to ascend the pass of Despeñaperros. The pass may with justice have borne this name in earlier days. It signifies, a place where a dog might break his neck ; but under the beneficent government of Charles III., a broad artificial road was laid down, which leads with some windings to the highest point of the pass, and descends in more numerous ones on the other side, down to the valley of the Guadalquivir. In many places, the road is carried on

bold arches over deep ravines, which the mountain streams form in winter. On both sides of the road, cleft points of rock, composed of glittering slate, raise themselves in perpendicular strata, the red colour of which forms a striking contrast to the dark green of the thorn-oak and pines, which grow on occasional terraces, or in the ravines of the mountains. Whenever these last open out, little isolated patches of green turf, shaded by blooming almond-trees, break the gloomy character of the neighbourhood. Herds of cattle graze here, and the powerful bull of the Sierra Morena, whets his horns on the trunks of the oaks, and gazes bellowing after the passing traveller. Every now and then, turns in the road afford a view back on the red bald plain of La Mancha, as far as the distant castle of Consuegra, and the hills of Valdepéñas.

The train drew near slowly to the highest point of the pass. It consisted of some fifty

mules, and a dozen drivers. The simple clothing of the latter—their short jackets, with trousers down as far as the knee, and long gaiters, all of coarse brown cloth—the red or blue sashes round their bodies—their honest, and somewhat heavy sun-burnt countenances, and, lastly, the Montera cap peculiar to them, denoted them to be Manchegos inhabitants of La Mancha. Most of them carried guns on their shoulders, or had hooked them on to the pack-saddles of their mules. The Mayoral did not differ much in his dress, from his people.

Rojas and Vallejo went along, side by side, behind the train, and the former was singing gaily one of the new songs, such as were called forth in numbers at that time, by the political events of the day.

“Impudent rogue!” said some one behind them, half aloud, and with a hearty curse. “I mean my horse, gentlemen—don’t disturb yourselves—as soon as I get upon him again, the

spurs and bit shall bring down his spirit," said the person who interrupted them, as both the travellers looked hastily round.

He was a tall well-made man, of an extremely pale complexion, which was made more striking by a coal-black beard and a high forehead, an almost bald head, with the little hair on it just turning grey, (evidently more from the exertions he had experienced, than from age,) an aquiline nose, and thin, rather compressed lips. The inquiring and penetrating glance of his deep-set black eyes made his countenance one which it was not easy to forget. He wore an old cavalry uniform, with rich gold epaulettes and lace, together with a high hat and red feather, and he held a heavy cuirassier's sword under his arm; —but without these appendages, his whole appearance and bearing shewed the old and tried soldier. He led by the bridle, a coal-black Andalusian horse, which reared impatiently, but on his master's speaking to him, stepped quietly after him.

After they had greeted each other mutually, Rojas said, "You have got a fine horse there, sir officer?"

"It is at your service," replied the other, according to the usual rule of politeness in Spain;—"but" added he, somewhat jeeringly, "I may call you comrade, may I not?"

"As you please," said the young Miliciano, half ashamed, and half offended.—"I am serjeant in the National Militia of Madrid."

"Oh! very good," said the officer, in an off-hand way—and the conversation was interrupted by their overtaking the third traveller, who had walked on, lost in thought, some way in advance of them.

The caravan halted at an ancient boundary stone, which divides Castile from Andalusia. On the Andalusian side is cut, the so called, "Santa faz de Jaen;" and on the other, the "Virgen del Sagrario," of Toledo. The first, highly venerated in Andalusia—the second, in Castile. The muleteers, who were all Castilians,

knelled down on *their* side of the stone, and prayed in silence; the two Milicianos took off their caps, and looked quietly on, while their travelling companion, to their no small surprise, also knelt down, and prayed on the Andalusian side;—the officer, who appeared to take no notice of the others, and still less of the object of their veneration, observed him with a sarcastic smile.

After a little while, the whole train again proceeded, and hastened to gain the top of the pass. “There lies Andalusia,” soon joyfully resounded from the foremost travellers. At a considerable depth beneath, at the foot of the dark mountains, and their ravines, gentle undulating hills, covered with the bluish green of the olives, stretch far away;—and here and there the white walls of some farm-house (cortijo) glitter from the surrounding green of the orange-trees. On the left, at a considerable distance, was seen the old cathedral of Jaen—near were Baza and Ubeda, surrounded by

green pastures; while the picturesque tops of the mountains of Granada, reddening in the beams of the morning sun, bounded the horizon. On the left, in gloomy darkness, lay the ravines of the Sierra Morena, called "Las Navas de Toledo;" celebrated for the glorious victory which king Alfonso gained there in 1250, against the countless armies of the Miramolin, in which the bodies of two hundred thousand Africans were heaped together in the vallies.

The travellers enjoyed this spectacle in silence. A soft south wind wafted to them the odour of roses, rosemary, and innumerable aromatic plants, with which the southern declivities of the Sierra Morena are covered. The noble steed of the officer neighed joyfully in the fresh morning air, as if he recognized the pastures of Ubeda, his native country, and then laid his handsome head on the shoulder of his master, who kindly patted his graceful neck.

As the travellers got ready to follow the mules, which had gone on in advance, the

officer turned to the thoughtful man in black, and said to him in French, "I should not have thought you were so religious, Monsieur l'Abbé—you kneeled almost as devoutly before the image of the saint, as our old friend Ramon. Such virtues must find more encouragement in France now, than in our country."

The person so addressed, looked at the officer surprised and distrustfully, and answered at last also in French:—"You may be mistaken in me, Monsieur l'Officier; yet I confess that this prospect, and this stone, have deeply moved me. I enter my beautiful native country, once again, after an absence of many years.—But," he added after a pause, "how do you know my condition? how do you know that I come from France?"

"Ah!" said the other, "as to the first point, I have had, God help me! latterly, so much to say to the gentlemen of your profession, that I will undertake to find out the tonsure, even under helmet or hat: but there comes my

worthy Sancho Panza—we must separate; au reste, you must not be vexed, if people know more of you, than may always be agreeable, that is the case now a days with many an honest man.”

Father Francisco now came trotting forward, on a well-fed mule. “Well, venerable father,” said the young Miliciano to him, laughing, “has Pepita kept you so long at the Venta? In truth, your treatment there gives me a desire to take the tonsure myself.”

The father replied with an angry look, “Pepita thanks you for the pretty music of yesterday evening—it is to be hoped, we shall soon teach you to dance to it—God go with you, children!” Hereupon he turned his mule, and entered the road which breaks off to the left, and leads to Torrequemada, while Rojas sang after him laughing—

“Ysi te pesa, roer el hueso
Los liberales dicen a eso,
Tragala! Tragala!
Tragala! Tragala!”

The officer in the meantime had spoken a few words aside with old Ramon, and now mounting his horse, said, turning towards the traveller, "Farewell, Don Antonio de Lara—try once more if you cannot recollect the college of Antequera, and your comrade Fernando Mendizabal." With that he galloped after the Padre, and a turn in the road soon concealed him from the eyes of the traveller, who looked after him astonished but not rejoiced, and then hastened after his companions, who had in the meantime mounted their mules.

After travelling through the German colonies, founded by Olavides—Sta Elena, and La Carolina—once blooming in the midst of the mountains, but now deserted and gone to ruin;—then over the field of battle of Baylen, where Dupont allowed the belief that the imperial eagles were invincible, to be destroyed—and past the spot where the first palm-trees receive the northern wanderer with certain promise of the wished for south;—through Andujar, where

in our own days the princely word of a Bourbon was hung out as a bait with which to entrap liberal game;—lastly, through “el Carpio,” where the waters of the Guadalquivir are thrown, by ingenious machinery, up into the olive-plantations of the Duke of Alba, which cover the hills and fields for an extent of many miles;—our travellers reached at length the venerable city of Cordova.

Cordova, with its narrow winding streets, its innumerable churches and convents, and its Moorish mosque, lies, enclosed by high and ancient walls, (behind which the Arabs vainly presumed they could bid defiance to St. Ferdinand) on the declivity of the Sierra Morena, which here gradually loses itself in low undulations. Gardens watered by the Guadalquivir, and decked with all the wonders of the most luxuriant vegetation, enclose the town. They are divided by hedges of blooming cactus and aloes (behind which a man and horse may conceal themselves), and these are gradually lost

towards the mountains in shady forests of oak and chesnut.

Even from a distance, the wind wafts the perfume of the orange flower to meet the traveller, who during the first days of the tumult of this new life, abounding in unaccustomed sensations, can scarcely keep himself from a sort of stupefaction.

As we cannot go back to describe the history of the earlier life of the persons, whom we have introduced to the reader, we will impart to him, the contents of a letter, which Antonio de Lara, wrote from Cordova, to a friend in Paris, and which contains at least the most necessary information about him.

“At last then I am again in my blooming, fragrant, and exuberant country, and that I have immediately grown happy, on my arrival here at home, proves to me, that I have still, (in spite of the change which takes place every seven years, as physiologists tell us) true Andalusian blood in my veins.

“It is now ten years since I left my native

country—a short time, *you* will think, who renounced your own for thirty, in order to remain true to your faith, and your king, but what an eternity, if you consider the tide of events which has flowed over Spain. And yet they have only torn up the surface,—only created some transitory forms,—and old Spain, and the old Spaniards, still remain immoveable under the scanty cloak of your civilization. The persecution of fanatical priests drove me at that time to France, where I found protection and a sphere of activity, which made me forget that I had willed and hoped more in another place. At present, fanatical priests drive me out of your beautiful France, and I seek protection in my own country, and find Well, my dear friend, I would say that I find much evil, but also much good—and contrasts which you in the levelled and rounded off civilization which surrounds you, will feel it difficult to understand, and to which even I must take time to accustom myself.

“Many things are altered, and I myself more than all. When, having escaped from my convent ten years ago, I passed the Sierra Morena, with all the youthful pride of a martyr for the liberty of the mind, I thought myself much cleverer than my countrymen, who knelt devoutly before the image of a saint, which there guards the boundary. When I passed the same road two days ago, I knelt, perhaps from voluntary self-humiliation with them, and prayed as they did to the holy emblem, in which I believe, though I am unable to comprehend it.

“A remembrance from my youth came across me immediately after, which disturbed me, and almost seemed like a bad omen. It was a man with whom I had been educated at the college of Antequera.—Without any defined grounds, and without having had any serious disagreement with him, I had always felt towards him a secret antipathy. He is a Basque,—and we Andalusians do not get on well with those stiff and arrogant fools. At college we found means to

enjoy the forbidden fruits of the French philosophy; but while in myself and many others, an ardent zeal for liberty of thought, and what we called the rights of man, replaced the old belief, which our spiritual teachers had made contemptible to us—this Mendizabal, ridiculed our new faith and new hopes, as bitterly as he did those of the pious fathers.

“He left the college long before me, and I have heard nothing of him since, except that he served with distinction in the imperial army. He is now as I hear, captain in the carbineers, which are in garrison at Cordova—the regiment is known on account of its hostile feeling towards the Constitution. It belonged formerly to the guard, but has now been removed to the line. Mendizabal, as I hear, is said to be in *very* intimate connection with the infamous Freire, and to have taken an active part in the massacre which he contrived in Cadiz, two years ago.

“I can tell you nothing more of my travelling

companions at present, except that one of them is a young man of very good family, whose relations in Madrid and Granada I am already acquainted with. I was warned against the other, by the brothers M. and O., in Madrid. He is a Comunero, and is supposed to be sent on the affairs of that society, to Cordova and Seville:

“I cannot yet form a correct opinion of the relations between the Freemasons and Comu-neros, but I am afraid our brothers are not on the right road. But more of that hereafter. I shall only stay here a few days, and then go on with the same travelling companions to Mairena, where a great fair is to be held shortly, and where I have many acquaintances to meet, and affairs to despatch.

“In the mean time I have again adopted the clerical dress, and have presented myself to the bishop; but I unfortunately already foresee endless difficulties in obtaining my rehabilitation.”

CHAPTER III.

CORDOVA.

ON his arrival at Cordova, Antonio had asked in the Posada, if there were any people there from Benamexi. Benamexi, Antonio's birth-place, is a small town between Antequera and Loja. The inhabitants of it are known as the boldest contrabandists in all Andalusia and the neighbouring provinces. The father or the elder brother takes care usually of the affairs either in the field or house, while the younger men carry on smuggling and traffic, by bringing English goods from Gibraltar.

The people of Benamexi are distinguished by a showy exterior, rich clothing, and fine horses

and arms, proving themselves to be thorough Andalusians and contrabandists ; and every one thinks twice before he ventures to throw an obstacle in their way.

“ Eh ! certainly,” answered the Padrona to Antonio’s question, as to whether there were any persons at the Posada from Benamexi.—“ Yesterday two of them came here ; the handsome Esteban Lara was one ; but they dismounted at the new Posada, because the best places in my stable were already occupied, and those gentlemen will not put up their horses anywhere else.”

Esteban was Antonio’s brother, whom he had left as a boy of sixteen ; he immediately went to the Posada which was named in search of him. On his inquiring after him, the Mozo went in, and immediately after a young man came out, with a look and bearing full of defiance, as if he expected to meet with something hostile. When he, on the contrary, saw a clergyman before him, he said courteously, “ I am

Esteban Lara, how can I be of service to you, Caballero?" The prevailing expression of Esteban's countenance was bold enjoyment of life, and sturdy consciousness of his own strength, created by the events of a kind of life full of exertion and danger, and rapid changes of gain and loss. His features, however, were very regular; his head remarkably small; and his large eyes announced an ardour which might at every moment break out into an open flame. The hue of his countenance was dark brown, and his hair jet black and hanging down in curly locks. He was rather tall for an Andalusian, and his whole frame indicated force, address, and temperance, and was set off in the most advantageous way by the rich dress of an Andalusian Majo. His hair was tied up in a green net,—the so called Redecilla, which was worn formerly much more generally in Spain than it is at present. He wore a short jacket of blue velvet, with a great deal of silk lace, embroidery, and silver tassels. A coloured silk handkerchief was

wound carelessly round his throat, but did not entirely conceal his fine snow-white shirt, with a broad frill. His close-fitting breeches of fine brown cloth reached to his knee : about his body he wore a Faja* of red silk : shoes and gaiters of light-brown leather reaching up just below the knee, and covered with embroidery, completed the dress of the young Majo,† who presented himself to Antonio as his brother.

Antonio perceiving that he was not recog-

* A peculiar kind of belt like a long bag, which is wound ten or twelve times round the body ; the end, is then tucked in, and answers the purpose of a purse.

† The expressions, Majo and Maja, like many others, are difficult to translate and to explain, and we find no analogous one in any other language. Majo and Maja, in the first place, are used as adjectives, in the sense of well-dressed, especially with the intention of pleasing ; for instance, “Ay que maja estas nina !”—“Ah, how smart you have made yourself, girl !” As a substantive, it denotes amongst the lower classes, what we are accustomed to call in higher society, a *petit-mâitre*, or dandy. The majo is a young man who is induced, by some motive or other, to try

nized, smilingly invited his brother to consider whether he did not know him, and to look attentively at him; but the latter said at last

to play a rôle in his class of society, and this partly through his dress. It originated in Andalusia—how and at what time we cannot pronounce, and is known under the name of *vestido de majo*, or *vestido Andaluz*.

The majo himself also, is a genuine Andalusian production, and is only to be found there in his perfection. But clothing, and a handsome exterior, are not sufficient to make our young man a majo; he must support and defend his pretensions by all the bodily and mental advantages which, according to the manners and kind of life of his equals, give him consideration and influence amongst men, and procure him the favour of the women. He must be a first-rate rider and shot, but, above all things, he must know how to manage the *navaja* and *puñal*, as well in thrusting as in throwing. He must, if he be not indeed himself a bull-fighter, at all events be able to appear with honour on the Plaza de Toros. He must dance the fandango, the matraca, and all other dances of the country, with the greatest grace. He must play the guitar with ease, and not only sing the most favourite airs to it, but also himself *improvise*, either in the alternate songs of the Seguidilla, or to the melody of the *cañas dulces*. But one of his most important duties is gallantry to women, and his manners

angrily, "Caballero, you are a clergyman, and appear to be a stranger, otherwise you would know that we of Benamexi do not

must be as obsequious to them, as they are provocative and self-confident to men; at the same time that he never loses sight of the laws of that politeness which one caballero owes to another. But even with the ladies he maintains still a certain negligent dignity, and nothing suits his character less than the languishing behaviour of a coxcomb. He must be in love over head and ears, or as coy as a roe; but he must not venture to trifle. It cannot be denied, though, that there is a class of Majos, who assume, even to women, a sort of unfeeling fierceness, and neither dance nor sing, nor, in general, ever depart in the least from their grim dignity. Liberality, even to profusion, especially when it is a question of pleasing his beloved, is an indispensable quality in the Majo; as, also, is temperance in eating and drinking, and in all except love and dress. Stinginess, which the Spaniards call *miseria*, would dishonour him as much as drunkenness or effeminacy.

The majo always undertakes his own revenge for offences and slights, on which account he is generally on a very ticklish footing with the officers of justice; so that the expression *Majo* obtains also the additional meaning of a bully. A few homicides, provided only they are not assassinations, contribute essentially to raise his consideration.

understand jokes. If you wish anything of me, speak; if not, have the goodness to go away, and leave me undisturbed." Hereupon, a young girl, who had come to the door to see what was going on, sprang forward with the exclamation, "Jesus Maria! it is our brother Antonio!" and fell upon his neck, crying and

From what has been said, it follows that the Majos do not form any distinct class. Every young man in whatever way, in other respects, he may gain his livelihood, can work himself up to the situation of a Majo, if he feels a wish to do so, and is qualified for the calling; but it is easy to see that the Majos are particularly to be found in that class of men, whose employment has something adventurous in it, and is at the same time profitable, such as smugglers, bull-fighters, robbers.

Altogether, one of these Majos is a peculiarly amusing and characteristic personage; for, besides those qualities which are distinctive of him as a Majo, he possesses also the wit and vapouring nonchalance of the Andalusian in general.

His female counterpart, the Maja, is distinguished by similar qualities, and he often finds in her a master and mistress; she even knows how to use the dagger against a faithless lover or a rival.

praising all the saints. Esteban also, at length recognised his brother, shook him cordially by the hand, and in vain endeavoured to hide the embarrassment he felt on account of his own emotion by begging his sister to be more calm. At last he said to her, "But Dolores, you forget entirely that our brother is a clergyman; what will people think?"

The girl stepped timidly back, and then knelt down and begged Antonio's blessing. He raised her up, kissed her on the forehead with heartfelt emotion, and said, "God bless you, my child!" and after a pause added, "but how were you able to recognise me again, Dolorcitas? you were scarcely six years old when you saw me the last time."

"Ah! brother," answered the maiden, "you were always so good to me, much better than Esteban, who was even then a wild youth. I love him, notwithstanding," said she, coaxingly, as Esteban threatened her with his finger;

“and,” she added, after a little time, in an embarrassed manner, “I also dreamt last night of Antonio, and saw him so distinctly, otherwise I should, perhaps, not have known him again. Ah! Antonio, how old you are grown!” she continued, after she had attentively considered him. “It must have gone ill with you abroad amongst the heretics.”

“Not altogether so badly, my little sister,” answered Antonio, smiling; “but *you* have become older also, and taller, and, in truth, very pretty.”

“Yes, by the Holy Sebastian of Alcobendas, you are telling her a piece of news!” cried Esteban, laughing. “Our young fellows have already told her that years ago, and now we have nothing but trouble with the girl.”

Dolores smiling archly, and yet with embarrassment, played with the ends of her mantilla.

“And now Antonio is going to spoil her completely,” continued Esteban. “How now, girl!

why do you stand there as if you could not count five? Go get us wine, and something to eat with it."

Dolores was glad to get away from her brother's jests; so she made a curtsy, and went into the house.

"But you are right," said Esteban to Antonio, when she was gone, as he invited him to sit down on the stone bench, "she is the prettiest girl in Andalusia, and therefore in the whole world, and an angel to boot."

Esteban was fully in the right there, and we should endeavour in vain to give the reader a lively image of the lovely flower of Andalusia. The Spanish women in general, and the Andalusians especially, have such a peculiar grace in their whole composition; their faults, as well as their virtues spring from a social, moral, and religious condition, which is so different from that of other European countries—they arise and bloom in this fruitful soil so completely without particular care, without that which we call edu-

cation, that the stranger finds with difficulty a standard for comparison, or expressions adapted to describe the lovely and heterogeneous appearance.

According to her brother's wish, Dolores had sent out his servant with wine and refreshments, and the two young men were just engaged in an eager exchange of questions about parents, friends, and relations, when she came again to them, and asked permission of her brother to go to the cathedral to mass, for which she had hastily arranged her toilette.

Byron, who speaks like a connoisseur in the matter, knew how to estimate properly the Spanish female dress, and describes it by the expression, "At the same time mystical and gay." This effect arises partly from the contrast which the serious dark colours, and the rigorous veiling, make with the distinctly marked and voluptuous forms, the carriage of the body, and the fire of the eyes. Whilst the closely clinging *basquiña* of dark violet silk betrays the

soft outlines of the body and limbs, the mantilla of some black light stuff, or sometimes of whitelace, falls gracefully down from the forehead on the shoulders and back, at one moment half concealing the face, at another moment, by a light motion of the fan, giving way for the full beam of the eyes.

“The veil

Thrown back a moment with the glancing hand,
While the o’erpowering eye, which turns you pale,
Flashes into the heart.” *

The basquiña scarcely reaches further than to a hand’s-breadth above the ancles, and allows full advantage to the prettiest of feet, such as are not to be met with so generally any where but in Andalusia, and which are usually dressed in fine silk stockings, and red, yellow, green, or violet shoes.

An indispensable requisite, also, for the Spanish woman, when she is not engaged in household or other affairs, is the fan (*el abanico*), which

* Don Juan.

she knows how to use in the prettiest manner, and not seldom for telegraphic information and hieroglyphics, which the fortunate man to whom they are addressed knows well how to interpret.

Dolores was just sixteen years old ; she was rather small, even for an Andalusian, but made in the most lovely symmetry of a blooming maiden's form. The expression of her face was a true mirror of her character : a curious mixture of childish enjoyment of life, and unembarrassed archness, with the seriousness which passion, or rather the capability of passion gives, and which showed itself especially on the forehead and in a line round the mouth, which expressed not so much grief which had been actually experienced as the presentiment of its future endurance. Her well-defined black eyebrows, arched gracefully over her dark-brown eyes, whose light was usually softened and veiled by her drooping eyelids and long silken lashes, but only to break out on every occasion with more expressive and dazzling splendour, like the sun from behind

clouds. For this kind of eye, which has something peculiarly indolent, and at the same time roguish, the Spaniards use the expression (*ojos adormidillos*), from the adjective (*adormido*) sleepy ; to which the diminutive gives a meaning it is impossible to translate.

Her rich dark brown hair was nearly covered by the white mantilla, and a few roses completed her head-dress. Her complexion could not, it is true, be compared with the lilies and roses which the women of northern countries boast of. It was rather brown, but without the least appearance of sickliness, or of the influence of the air or sun. You might best compare the glow in the cheek of an Andalusian, with the brownish red of a peach ; but, even that is not a good comparison.

“What ! going already, sister ?” said Antonio ; “I have not yet spoken ten words with you, and to-morrow I am going away.”

“So soon as to-morrow ?” said Esteban, thoughtfully, “and you are going to Mairena ?

Listen, brother,—rather come with us this evening to Benamexi; you will arrive at Mairena in good time, and we shall still see something of you; for if we do meet in Mairena, there is so much to do there, and then”—

Antonio interrupted him, by bringing forward all kinds of reasons which must make him decide upon going on with Ramon, and his present travelling companions. At last Esteban said, with some embarrassment, “Listen, brother; if you will not do it on our account, at least do it for your own sake; something unpleasant might happen to you on the road.”

Antonio looked in surprise at his brother, who continued with some hesitation:—“I will acknowledge to you that people know Ramon has a rich cargo with him, and you will most likely not get beyond Ecija without interruption.”

Antonio expressed his astonishment at his brother's knowing this so exactly, and blamed him seriously on account of the connections in which his illicit traffic engaged him, and brought

forward many well-meant and well-composed phrases, against so unlawful and unquiet a way of life.

Esteban at first was going to be angry, but he said finally, laughing, "Look ye, brother, you are very learned, and have travelled far and wide; but keep your foreign wisdom to yourself. Why, you have quite frightened Dolorcitas; she looks at you with open eyes, as if you had spoken Greek, and I really do not know what you would be at. The Laras of Benamexi have been contrabandists ever since the time of the queen Maricastaña, and no one ever thought of finding fault with them for it. Do you think we steal our goods? or do we cheat any Christian soul with them? If the revenue officers catch us we are punished, and the damage falls on us. If we get through, it is our advantage, and each party carries on its business with honour. With the old watchers of the frontier we could speak a reasonable word; but since these confounded milicianos put in their

yellow beaks every where, we must be in earnest too. *They* use the same extraordinary phrases from books as you do. It is they who have ruined our poor cousin, Christoval Moreno; and who can find fault with him, if he is gone into the mountains to revenge himself? and are not the seven children of Ecija the best lads in Spain, who need not be ashamed in presence of an Emperor? Christoval was formerly half a milksop, but now he has become a man. It is a good thing, and a real honour for him that they have adopted him."

Antonio, somewhat offended at the little effect of the wisdom which he had introduced so mal-a-propos, persisted in not allowing himself to be deterred from his intention by such discourses; and Esteban said at last, "Well, do as you like—they will not eat you, and if any thing happens only keep quiet."

Dolores, who had become evidently embarrassed when Christoval was named, slipped behind Antonio, and said gently to him, "Chris-

toval will do nothing to you, poor youth ! Greet him from me, if you see him, and give him this ; he knows it well ; it is consecrated at the holy figure at Jaen." At the same time she slid an amulet, attached to a silken ribbon, into his hand, such as are frequently worn in Spain by the people.

In order to put an end to the conversation, Antonio proposed to accompany his sister to the cathedral. Esteban declined this proposal, as he was obliged to depart the same night, and Dolores set out alone with Antonio, walking with childish joy and pride by the side of her new found brother, the learned and far-travelled ecclesiastic.

Some new phrase ought to be invented, expressive of the graceful walk of the fair Andalusians. Byron says rightly —

"Their very walk would make your bosom swell :
I can't describe it, though so much it strikes ;
Nor liken it—I never saw the like—
An Arab horse, a stately stag, a barb :
No—none of these will do."——

The brother and sister soon reached the cathedral, and entered the so-called *patio de las naranjas*, or court of oranges. This is one of the places, the thought of which always remains like a sunny spot in the remembrance of the traveller, on which his fancy loves to refresh and warm itself in the gloomy paths of life; and yet, that which constitutes its charm is little, and that little of a simple character:—

A spacious quadrangular court, planted with oranges, whose fragrance fills all the surrounding space; some clear and plashing springs, with brilliant gold fish; a few cypresses, and some tall Palms, which wave their heads gently at the breath of the wind. On two sides, this space has covered walks, with graceful Moorish arches; on the third, a tower; and over the principal entrance, and along the sides, steps leading up to a terrace. Lastly, on the fourth side, the forest of pillars opens itself to view, belonging to the mosque, converted into a cathedral.

It might be difficult to vindicate the Moorish style of architecture against the laws of ordinary architectural criticism ; but this much is certain, that while the whole produces a peculiar and heterogeneous effect, yet it is highly agreeable. The number of the pillars of this cathedral is about a thousand ; they are made of different sorts of marble or granite, some smooth, some fluted, and others with a sort of twisting ornament. Their thickness does not exceed ten inches ; and their height is about twenty feet. They support two rows of high-springing moorish (that is to say horse-shoe) arches, one above the other, so that in spite of the lowness of the pillars, the ceiling, which is of rich inlaid wood-work, is at least forty feet high.

In the walls round the quadrangular building are numerous chapels, chiefly adorned with christian altars and pictures, the masterpieces of Cespedes, Alonso Cano, Murillo, and others. The walls of some of the chapels however, are still covered with passages from

the Koran, put together in a sort of mosaic of coloured pieces of glass, so that the characters develope themselves, as if accidentally, from the midst of intricate arabesques and ornaments. The choir of the church, as well as the high altar, was built in the fifteenth century, and is in the Gothic style. It raises itself considerably above the original Moorish building, but destroys the view of the whole. Equally detrimental to the general effect, are a number of small chapels, built in the spaces between the pillars. The most peculiar point of view is that looking out on the court, where rows of blooming fragrant orange-trees appear like a continuation of the lines of pillars of the church.

While Dolores prayed before the altar of her patron saint, the Mater Dolorosa, Antonio went into the court to wait for her. Here the sound of joyful laughter met his ear, as if coming towards him, and he soon perceived his travelling companion, Rojas, approaching, in com-

pany with several young men, some of whom wore the uniform of the National Militia of Cordova, and appeared to be young artisans. Rojas also had dressed himself to the best advantage to do honour to his corps; and, whatever faults an old soldier might have found with their military carriage, these young Milicianos appeared very well satisfied with themselves; and the glances of several ladies who passed, proved that they also found favour in *their* sight. On the other hand, some ecclesiastics who were walking up and down in couples, under the shade of the orange-trees, and some elderly men, wrapped in their cloaks, with their broad-brimmed hats slouched over their faces, who sat on the benches around, glanced at them grimly over their shoulders, with no very gratified expression.

Antonio went up to the young men, and was heartily welcomed by Rojas, and presented by him to his friends. He made them a compliment on the good constitutional spirit which seemed

to animate the youth of Cordova. One of them, however, said, shrugging his shoulders, that "it might be better ; eight hundred volunteers from a town like Cordova is but little. But how should it be otherwise, whilst your miserable 'moderate men' in Madrid, and their agents here and elsewhere, do every thing to create a disgust for the service."

"It appears, indeed," cried another, "as if they were more afraid of us than of the *Serviles*; but 'the pitcher goes to the water till it breaks,' says Sancho Panza. When it comes to be a question of blows, they will stand there with their 'moderate' wisdom, like snow in May."

"Well," said the first, "things are going on better at present notwithstanding; for, do you know, that when we assembled three months ago, for our first military exercise, we were exactly fifty in number, and the *Serviles* stood by, in crowds, and laughed contemptuously at us. Now, they let *that* alone."

At this moment, a young officer, in the uniform of the light cavalry regiment of Alcantara, stepped up to them, shook his acquaintances by the hand, and saluted the strangers politely.

“The Marquis of Peñaflores, a liberal to the back-bone,” said one of the young men, whilst he presented him to the strangers ; then, turning towards him, he said, “Well, Don Luis, what is the news ? Have you any commissions for Mairena ?”

“Gentlemen,” replied the officer, “I am ordered there with twenty men : I am to keep order at the fair, and first patrol on the high road.”

“A bad service,” said one of the volunteers. “You don’t know that canaille yet, Don Luis ; since you had that affair with the contrabandists at Venta de Gualdiaro, they have an eye upon you.”

“That is certain,” said another. “Do you know that one of the volunteers of Marbella, whom you took with you at that time, was shot

a week ago on the road to Malaga. I saw him brought home myself, as I had just then business at Marbella."

The officer thus addressed, said, laughing, "That he did not think it would be so dangerous as they supposed, and went away in haste, as he was to march the same evening."

Antonio was not sorry to hear that a measure of this kind, for securing the road, was about to be taken, for his brother's warning had left some anxiety in his mind.

At this moment, Dolores came out of the church, and ran up to her brother. She greeted the company unaffectedly, and reminded Antonio that Esteban was to wait for her. The young men expressed the effect which the grace of the maiden produced upon them, by their best salutations and phrases. Rojas alone was so surprised at the first moment, that, contrary to his custom, he could find no words to make himself remarked by the fair one. Dolores, however, (by whom his embarrassment had not been unno-

ticed, any more than his agreeable exterior), called out to him, smiling, and greeting with her fan, "A good journey, caballero; I recommend my brother to your care—he sometimes forgets to eat and drink, from sheer learning."

It was not till roused by this address, that he could attempt to answer with a well-turned jest; but before he was ready with it, Antonio and his sister had left the court of oranges.

While his comrades were debating with Andalusian ardour, in hyperbolical expressions of admiration, on the charms of the maiden; Rojas put his hand to his forehead thoughtfully, and exclaimed at last somewhat moodily—"Keep your Andalusian nonsense to yourself, for after all, you cannot find the right word. But (added he, half to himself) the devil take me if I fall in love with the girl—that would be too bad"—the young men then separated laughing.

Antonio in the meantime, had brought his sister back to the Posada, where Esteban awaited her in readiness for the journey. A

handsome horse with rich saddle and furniture, and some laden mules with two servants stood before the door. "Make haste, girl," he called out to her, "you forget every thing with your continual praying." Thus addressed, Dolores ran in to make herself ready for the journey, and returned after a few minutes (during which Esteban had completed his preparations,) in a coarser dress, and with a small bundle under her arm. With tears in her eyes she took leave of Antonio, who in vain represented to her, that they should see each other again in a few days at Mairena, whither Dolores was to accompany her brother.

Esteban lifted his sister, half angrily and half touched by her emotion, on the seat which he had prepared for her, on the baggage of one of the mules. He pressed his brother's hand with a cordial "*hasta la vista*"—and springing into his saddle, rode after the mules.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ATTACK OF THE CHILDREN OF ECIJA.

HE next morning Ramon also continued his journey with his travellers, to whom he had added some new ones, while Vallezo remained behind in Cordova.

The road soon led them out of the fertile valley of the Guadalquivir, through the decayed colonies of La Carlota, over monotonous hills, some bare, and some covered with olive plantations, to the large city of Ecija, on the Genil where they remained the night,—highly gratified at having passed unmolested through a neighbourhood which has so bad a reputation.

The following morning they broke up at a

very early hour, in order to reach Carmona. The experienced Mayoral did not yet entirely trust to the security of the country, and had placed his caravan in a sort of order of battle, without allowing himself to be disturbed by Rojas's jokes. Two of his people went on about fifty paces in front of the train, and four others at the same distance on both sides;—and all the travellers were obliged to load their arms afresh, and to hold themselves on the alert, so that, Rojas said laughing, “Now, father Ramon, in this way we might engage with the seven children of Lara * themselves! I think the seven children of Ecija had need be frightened at us rather than we at them.”

* *Los siete infantes de Lara*, celebrated in the popular poetry of the Spaniards, where they, in some degree, play the part of the children of Heimon. Betrayed by their uncle, Ruy Velasquez, they fell fighting against the Moors of Cordova. A small hill, two leagues from Cordova, is shewn by the muleteers as the place. Donde murieron los siete infantes de Lara. Their brother, the bastard Madarra, revenged their death.

For the first two miles the road leads through a hilly neighbourhood, here and there broken up by ravines, and covered with wood, which would certainly have facilitated an attack on the recua or caravan. But at last the wide plain spread itself out before the travellers, in the middle of which rises the isolated cone, the top of which is crowned by the ancient city of Carmona, with its old walls and towers, formerly considered impregnable. This plain is almost entirely bare of trees, and is covered with a low shrub, scarcely a foot and a half high, the dwarf palm, bearing in miniature great resemblance to the Fan Palm, and is called the Palmita.

When the travellers had reached this plain, even Ramon thought there was nothing farther to be afraid of; and they went on, if not entirely without care, yet very much tranquillized;—and they soon drew near to a solitary Cortijo which is about two leagues from Carmona, and lies some paces from the road in the middle of a small olive wood.

They had not yet reached the farm when suddenly a horseman galloped out from the wood, and stopping at a small distance from them, shouted out a thundering "halt!"

"Now the devil is loose! Those are the children"—muttered the Mayoral, without however in the least losing his calm self-possession.

"What is the matter, Caballero?" cried he to the horseman—"what are your orders?"

"Father Ramon, give us and yourselves no unnecessary trouble. You have about ten ounces in gold with you, and the value of four hundred ounces in goods. Give us eight ounces down and an order for a hundred ounces, on your merchant in Seville, and you may go your way. These gentlemen travellers will also have no objection to contribute a trifle."

These last had time meanwhile to view the speaker more closely. He wore the dress of the Andalusian Majos, and rode an excellent horse, with richly ornamented furniture. The saddle was very high, both before and behind, and re-

sembled also from the short stirrups, the Turkish saddles. A green fly-net covered the whole body of the horse. The horseman carried in his hand a very long firelock—at his saddle hung a so called trabuco, or musketoon—a cartridge pouch, (*cartuchera*) of coloured embroidered leather, which he wore buckled round his body, contained about fifty cartridges, well preserved in leaden cases, which were fastened in two rows one above the other.

Ramon made a very doubtful face at this friendly proposition, and replied at last—"You are very polite, Caballero, but you cannot expect a dozen Castilians to surrender to you alone—I am in truth no friend to a scuffle. Only prove that we may surrender with honour, and not a shot shall be fired on our side. How many of you are there?" he continued,—but before the horseman could answer, Rojas, who was not at all pleased with these negotiations, fired his musket at him, but without effect.

"Confounded folly! — by the sacred Lady

of Covodenga!" said the Mayoral. "Now boys, we must fight it out as well as we can."

The horseman, however, turned his horse, calling out at the same time jeeringly,—“a miserable shot! but Carajo! I will pay you better than you deserve, young gentleman.”

He then galloped away about a hundred paces, and stopping, (while his horse stood as firm as a wall) he discharged his long firelock. Rojas sank to the ground with a hearty—“Cursed be the she-goat that bore you!” The ball had gone through his thigh:—at the same time some shots were fired, which laid two muleteers wounded on the ground, and four more horsemen galloped out of the wood. One of them called out as he loaded his piece again — “Por vida de Dios, I will teach you to respect the children of Ecija!”

Shots were now exchanged on both sides, but the arms of the muleteers and travellers were not in the best condition, and generally did not carry so far as those of the attacking party.

Perhaps also the best of them were far from being good shots; and what was worst of all, they were disturbed in their defence by their care for the mules, which ran in confusion one against the other. The robbers on the other hand fired with certainty from a considerable distance, and galloped, after every shot, across the field, in order to load quietly, completely out of reach of their antagonists. But they did not seem very anxious to destroy their opponents, and their fire appeared to be directed more at the mules than at the men. After some minutes, however, four muleteers were lying on the ground, one dead, and the others more or less severely wounded, and several mules were rolling themselves in the dust, or were running about wounded, throwing off their loads.

At last one of the horsemen galloped up nearer to them, and called with a rough voice, "Down with you, in the devil's name; your faces to the ground; I did not think you were so

childish ! Ramon ! Down to the earth—whoever values his life !”

Ramon himself and the greater part of his people made ready to obey the order ; but Antonio, who, in the confusion, perhaps did not observe it, snatched a firelock from the hand of one of the wounded men, and fired at the horseman, whose horse fell to the ground under him severely wounded.

This small advantage, however, could have no influence on the issue of the conflict, but might possibly make the lot of the conquered more severe. The muleteers, and the travellers following their example, had thrown away their arms, and laid themselves down flat with their faces to the ground, and it was only when too late that Antonio became aware, how great a danger he had uselessly exposed himself to. The robbers now galloped down upon them, and while one with his piece cocked guarded their disarmed antagonists, with the

threat that he would shoot the first man who made the slightest movement, the others began to plunder the travellers and to examine the lading of the mules.

But the leader, injured by his fall, and enraged to the greatest degree by the loss of his horse, and the useless resistance, rushed upon Antonio with his dagger drawn, uttering the wildest curses, and intending to stab him forthwith. One of the robbers, however—the same who had first hailed the caravan—held him back, saying, “Let him pray first, Pedro, it is a priest!”

“The dog!” said the other, raging; “and if it was the holy Father of Rome himself, he must pay me for my horse with his life—the best horse that ever chewed barley since the time of the Cid’s Babieca.”

Then striking Antonio, who stood expecting his death, down to the ground, with the butt of his carbine, he said to him—“Pray your last Ave Maria—Carajo! for die you must.—Christoval!” he said now to the first robber,

“which of the dogs was it that fired the first shot?—drag him here,—tie them both to the nearest tree and shoot them.”

The robbers prepared to fulfil the order ; but at the name of Christoval, Antonio suddenly recollected his sister's commission. He could not doubt that the robber who had already taken his part, was his cousin Christoval. . Even the exterior of the young man inspired him with confidence. The expression of violence which the circumstances of the moment gave him, appeared to be strange to his features, which had an air of mildness and melancholy. Christoval was smaller than Esteban, and seemed more active than strong. His eyes and hair were light brown, which is considered a great beauty in Andalusia.

Meanwhile, two robbers had bound the bleeding and almost senseless Rojas to a tree, and seemed the less inclined to spare him, when they recognized him by his cap as a Miliciano ; —they were just on the point also of seizing

Antonio, when he cried out to his cousin, at the same time handing him the present of his sister—"Christoval Moreno, do you know this?"

Christoval snatched it from his hand, and exclaimed, "How did you come by this? who are you?"

"My sister gave it me for you, and bid me greet you. I am your cousin Antonio Lara, save us if it is in your power!"

Christoval had sprung up to him at the first word, and dragging back his two comrades, he said, as he drew his knife, "By the holy Mother of God! not a hair of your head shall be touched. Whoever touches him will have to settle with me."

The leader of the robbers, enraged at this unexpected interference, called to him, at the same time that he prepared to use force: "Back, Christoval, he must die even if he were your own brother."

At this moment the cry resounded, "In the

name of the king, and the Constitution, deliver yourselves! Long live Riego! at them, children!" and a troop of horsemen galloped on from behind the olive-wood, which had concealed their approach from the eyes of the travellers.

The robbers were so completely surprised, that they had no time to fire a shot; and as they were not armed for close combat, and their adversaries were far superior to them in number, there could be no question of resistance. Two of them were immediately cut down; and a third gave himself up as prisoner. Christoval and another robber sprang on their horses, and galloped off, pursued by half a dozen horsemen; while Pedro, the leader, succeeded in gaining the house, to which they had been approaching during the foregoing scene, and barricadoed the doors behind him.

"Surround the houses! don't let him escape!" cried the leader of the horsemen: and some of his men ran immediately round the house and

the little court, and beset all the outlets by which the robber might have escaped.

But through this arrangement, precisely what the robber might have expected, came to pass;—that the officer, who, in the mean time had got off his horse, remained standing alone before the principal entrance. His summons to the robber to surrender was only answered by a contemptuous laugh, and immediately after the door flew open, and the robber, with his cocked musketoon in his hand, called out to the officer, “Back, young man, or I’ll shoot you to rags, so that people will look for you in all the stars. Back! I have compassion on you.”

The situation of the marquis was critical, as he was only armed with a sabre, and the fearful weapon of his antagonist really must, when so close, shiver him into pieces. But without hesitating he rushed in upon his antagonist, with the cry, “Long live Riego!” The other pulled the trigger; the pan flashed; but the gun

missed fire, and Pedro fell to the earth, with his head cleft in two.

Antonio had in the mean time unbound his travelling companion, and litters made of planks and poles, which were found in the house, the inhabitants of which did not appear, were got ready for him and the wounded muleteers, after their wounds had been bound up as well as circumstances would admit. While Ramon and his people, assisted by the travellers, collected the dispersed mules, and their loads, they were joined by the officer who had rescued them, whom they received with cordial thanks. Antonio immediately recognised him as the young man who had been introduced to him two evenings before, as the Marquis of Peñaflores, and the latter expressed to him in the warmest manner, his satisfaction at having been through accident useful to him and Rojas.

The latter was taken care of with the greatest attention. A draught of wine from a leathern skin, which one of the horsemen carried at his

saddle, soon brought the wounded man (whom loss of blood had exhausted) again to himself, and he appeared disposed to consider the whole adventure as very amusing. But the grief of old Ramon, which was the more affecting that it did not show itself in loud complaints, but only in broken expressions ; and the sight also of the wounded muleteers produced in him wholesome reflections ; since he could not conceal from himself, that he was in great measure the cause of the misfortune.

In the mean time some country people had arrived from the neighbouring cortijos, and began, at the request of the officer, to dig a grave at the side of the road, to inter the bodies of the robbers who had been slain. When the body of Pedro, the captain, was brought up, they looked at it, not without a secret fear, and appeared to compare the powerful frame and wild features of the man, (who had been for many years the terror of the neighbourhood, and whose name was men-

tioned in all Spain with that of the celebrated Jayme Alfonso,) with the appearance of his conqueror, whose extreme youth, slight form, and blooming countenance gave him the air of a girl in disguise.

An old peasant who was looking on, said, shaking his head, "Yet, he was a fine fellow — that Pedro Gomez — who would believe it! — well! God be merciful to his soul!"

The bodies were lowered into the pit, — the by-standers repeated a short prayer, and soon the hillock of a grave was raised over the dead.

Ramon, in the mean time, with the aid of the old peasant, had put together as well as he could in his hurry, three crosses of light laths. "For," said he, "after all, they are Christians, and we will not bury them like dogs." On one of the crosses he scratched the dreaded name of Pedro Gomez, and under it the usual inscription, in such cases:* "He died by a violent hand, pray

* "Murio de mano ayrada—Ruegen por el alma," is the

for his soul." And still do three crosses denote the place to the traveller where the children of Ecija lie buried.

Scarcely was all this completed, when the horsemen returned after a fruitless pursuit of Christoval. "The devil may catch that fellow if he can ; and if he is not the devil himself," said an old quartermaster. "No christian goes at that rate, and no reasonable horse."

The train now got slowly into motion. The wounded men were carried by some of the horsemen ; as was also the body of the muleteer who had been shot, which Ramon wished to bury in a regular manner. The cargoes of the dead or wounded mules were brought into the house, and left behind in the care of two horsemen, till Ramon could send for them. The officer wished to pay the peasants for their trouble, but the old man refused indignantly to inscription on the crosses, which one too frequently sees by the road-side in Spain.

take any thing, and called out to the young man as he rode away. "God be with you, young gentleman. Get out of this neighbourhood as quickly as you can — the sooner the better. Blood will have blood!"

At sunset the train reached Carmona, where Ramon was forced to remain, at all events for some days. Rojas met with the greatest sympathy from the young men of the national militia of Carmona, and was received in the house of one of them, to await the cure of his wound, which was in no way dangerous. The rest of the wounded men found a reception, and the care they required in a convent; and Antonio accepted the proposal of the young officer, to continue the journey to Mairena the next day in his company, and there we shall again meet him.

CHAPTER V.

THE FAIR OF MAIRENA.

THE great fair for cattle which takes place at the village of Mairena four leagues from Seville, every spring, is celebrated throughout Spain. People of all conditions crowd there from the provinces during the three days of its duration. There were present, on this occasion, many buyers and sellers of the herds of oxen, horses, mules, and sheep, brought to the fair; but the throng principally consisted of the curious, who are attracted by the sight, and its attendant amusements.

Those who had business to transact were

assembled on an open space outside the village. They watched in separate groups, the droves of mules which, tied together in long lines, awaited a purchaser; while the lamentable falling off in the breed of horses, which has been occasioned by favouring that of mules, was made apparent by the small number offered for sale. Yet the goodness and beauty of the Andalusian steeds seemed to make up for their small number. The noble animals expressed by snorting and pawing, their dislike to their mongrel neighbours, and seemed with joyful neighing, to summon the rider who should venture to master them.

On all the neighbouring fields, and along the road, crowds of the curious were circulating. Light booths were erected on all sides, from which resounded the shrill cries of the water-carriers, and sellers of oranges. A hastily erected amphitheatre for bullfights could not be wanting on such an occasion, and from time to time, the shouts of those who had

been lucky enough to get a place in it, were heard above the din of the fair, celebrating some bold thrust of the Matador, or successful assault of the bull. But we should in vain endeavour to give the reader a sufficient idea of the many-coloured throng which moved this way and that, under the dark blue cloudless Andalusian sky, and we therefore content ourselves with bringing before him a single group, in which perhaps, he may recognize figures already known. In the vicinity of the chief place of rendezvous for men and cattle, in a small field fenced off, and protected from the crowd by a hedge of aloes, of the height of a man, and by blooming Cactuses, a spacious booth was erected under the shade of some palms, made of the light but firm stalks of the aloe, and covered with party-coloured plaited mats of the Esparto. In the back ground of the booth, all sorts of sugar ornaments and some small bottles of liqueur were ranged upon a long table. On a bench at

one side, lay several goatskins bursting with wine, which appeared to stretch out longingly on all fours towards their thirsting friends. Against the back wall of the booth, coloured ribbons and handkerchiefs, images of saints, rosaries, rings, needles, and other gold and silver ornaments, were laid out in boxes for sale. The proprietor and seller of all these splendid articles was known at the first glance, by his respectable dress (which was not however of the town fashion,) and by a certain dignity with which he waited upon his guests, and acquaintances. His features notwithstanding had something of unpleasant vulgarity in them : an expression of avarice, of narrow-hearted care and distrust. His son assisted him in his business, and seemed in calculating economy to be a worthy follower of his father.

Several groups had arranged themselves partly in this booth itself, partly in the shade of the trees, or of the high aloes, from whence they could conveniently overlook the whole

scene of the fair. They were whiling away their time with conversation and wine, and a few of them with cards and dice.

On one side of the entrance to this enclosed space was a small shed of mats, under which were to be seen on a table, divers earthen jugs of a pretty form, encircled with leaves and flowers.

The group, however, which passed round this little booth, had manifestly not merely the intention of enjoying the ice and lemonade, and iced water which the jugs contained, but were equally attracted by the person who distributed these refreshments. Behind the table, in graceful and negligent occupation, sat a young girl, whose peculiar sharp features, and a certain expression of timid wildness in her large and glowing eye, but especially her dark olive-brown complexion, which evidently was not of European origin, denoted her to the connoisseur to be a gipsy. The dark colour of the girl's complexion

contrasted agreeably against her white close-made gown and her mantilla of the same colour ; whilst a pair of deep red pinks placed in her raven hair completed her dress. Thus sat the young gipsy, extolling with a clear voice her cooling drinks, often also inviting the passers by with lively songs, or answering, with sharp and ready wit and saucy archness, the jokes and flatteries of the young men who crowded round her.

At a separate table in the booth, some elderly men were sitting in eager conversation, while before them stood a glass jug of wine with a long spout, which first one, and then the other, took, and holding it high in the air, poured the red stream down their throats into the gulf below. We recognise immediately one of these men, who wears the dress of the secular clergy, as Antonio Lara, who was waiting for his brother's arrival. The rest, one might conclude from their simple brown clothing, to be substantial peasants from La Mancha. One of

them, in the dress of the town, gave out, in the course of conversation, that he was a mercantile man from Figueras in Catalonia.

“Believe me, gentlemen,” said the Catalonian, “it is not as it should be—you must know better than I do, how things are going on here—but how they go on in Madrid has been sufficiently proved by what took place not long ago in Aranjuez. It cannot continue any longer; the freemasons and the ministers betray us to the *Serviles*. But”—he continued, striking the table, “*Cap de deu!* if they would only let us take our own line, the volunteers of Barcelona by themselves would be sufficient to settle that canaille.”

“Well,” said Antonio, “but according to the official reports, tranquillity seems to be pretty nearly restored in Ampurdan and Cerdaña.”

“Yes, believe the reports if you choose,” continued the vehement Catalonian, “only wait four months more, till the pasty comes out of the oven, and then digest it if you can.”

“Yes—the reports,” said one of the farmers—“official do you call them, Señor Catalan?—One does not know in them whether they mean yes or no, black or white. You liberals have learned those phrases also from the French—but from such dust comes such mud.”*

“What!” broke forth the Catalanian—“What have you to say against the liberals, or against the constitution?”

“Nothing in the world,” said the farmer quietly—“It may be a very good thing, but we don’t understand any of those foreign concerns—do not be angry, Caballero, but tell us rather something new from the kingdom.”†

“Only look out there,” said the trader—“there you may see something new from the kingdom already!”

* De tales polvos, tales bodos, a common proverbial phrase.

† The inhabitants from the Provinces of the towns of Castile, call Valencia, Catalonia, and Arragon simply El Reyno.

The men looked towards the fair, where a train of fifty horses was just being led past, which, from their size and strength, appeared to have been judiciously and carefully selected. They were led by some men whose dress and appearance showed them to be inhabitants of the mountains of Catalonia. They wore long loose trowsers of striped ticking, and a short jacket of the same, which, however, some of them had only hung upon their shoulders. The covering of their head was a cap of red wool hanging down as low as the back. They wore on their naked feet the so-called alpargatas, a kind of plaited sandal, which only covered the extreme points of their toes, and the heels and soles. These men were for the most part nearly blond, with sun-burnt and almost red faces, and gray or blue eyes, which had a peculiar expression of wildness. The leader of the train, who was distinguished by better clothing, by a loose brown cloak, and a hat with a broad brim, and high conical crown,

came into the booth, looking about him with a distrustful air, and after he had emptied a large glass of brandy at one draught, he threw the Montañes* his money, and went again to his people without saluting any body.

“Cursed be your race—Catalonian drunkard!” Such and similar expressions were muttered after the man by the bystanders, who were mostly Andalusians, as he went away with his men and horses, without making any answer, but by angry glances at them.

“Now, you have seen what there is *new*,” said the Catalonian, addressing himself to Antonio and the countryman.

“What do you mean?” said Antonio, who saw nothing extraordinary in the appearance of a Catalonian horse-dealer at the fair of Mairena.

“Mean!—Cap de deu!” cried the other in

* The wine-sellers of Andalusia are mostly, from the so-called Montana of Asturia and old Castile, and are called simply Montanoses; as, in many places, the sugar-bakets are called the Swiss.

reply—"do you know who it was who went away just now? That was Jeps del Estanys, who has already the death of more liberals on his soul than buttons on his coat; ask about him in Ampurdan and Cervera. A comrade of Moses Auton Coll, of Miralles, and Misas. How many thousand piastres worth of horses from Catalonia do you think have been sold yesterday and to-day?—why, the place swarmed with red caps!"

"But," (objected Antonio) "if these horses were intended for the army of the faith in your mountains, why has your Jeps exactly chosen out the strongest and heaviest for sale?"

"Why," replied the other laughing—"why, sir, precisely because the army wants to come down into the plain. Have I not seen with my own eyes helmets, and cuirasses, forged for a whole regiment of cuirassiers? And who do you suppose pays for them? The venerable gentlemen, to be sure, of Monserrat and Campredon. It is a pleasure to see how the French

officers and Banquers, and all those clever gentlemen, hang together with our cowls."

A noise in the market-place interrupted the speaker, and drew the attention of the company on that side. A bold horseman was managing a powerful black steed, which, as it proved, he had thoughts of buying. He seemed to take pleasure in the wild bounds of the animal, who summoned his last efforts to dispute the mastery with him. Soon, however, the horse felt that he had found his master, and at last stood still, trembling, snorting, and covered with foam, at the voice of his rider, who sprang out of the saddle; and after he had paid the price demanded, and given the horse to a servant to hold, came into the booth in order to refresh himself with a draught of wine.

He was a remarkably strong man, with reddish hair, and a thick beard, an open glance, and strongly marked features. He was partly in a town dress, but he wore a short velvet jacket, and a hat with a broad brim. His com-

panions were, from their dress and language, Valencians. They wore their hair in nets, under broad brimmed hats with high crowns; they had short jackets of blue or green stuff, with a great quantity of lace, broad sashes (*fajas*) of red or blue silk, and trowsers of white linen, ending above the knee, but so loose, and with so many folds, that one might take them for short plaited petticoats. Their legs were covered with a sort of blue stockings, which, however, only began above the ankle, and ended under the knee, so that the knees and feet remained naked. Instead of shoes they wore sandals (*alpargatas*), and a woollen blanket of the gaudiest and brightest colours, was thrown carelessly over their shoulders. This serves them either to protect themselves from cold and rain, instead of a cloak, or it is spread out on the ground in order to sit or lie upon it. It is to the Valencian what the cloak is to the Castilian—house and court. The new comers greeted the company politely; and Antonio was struck by the

peculiarly noble carriage of the horseman. He desired some of the best wine, drank to the health of his companions, and after they had refreshed themselves, he paid, and, saluting the bystanders, went out again into the fair.

The Catalonian had whispered significantly to Antonio, when he entered. "Look, that is Don Bernardino Malfy from Valencia; he is not here for nothing, you may be sure."

Antonio inquired, "who is then this Don Bernardino Malfy? I never heard of him."

"Then your road never can have led you near the kingdom of Valencia. The gentleman you saw just now, is known and feared in the whole country: he is talked of as far away as Castilion de la Plaña, and Reuss. He is one of the richest land-owners, and captain in the cuirassier regiment—of Queen Amelia. Two years ago he was attacked by robbers at his country house near Valencia; he escaped with great difficulty in his shirt through a back entrance, but his house was completely plundered and set

on fire. This affair vexed the good man so much, that since that time, he pursues without intermission, and on his own account, all the robbers and other vagabonds in the kingdom of Valencia. The government is glad to let him take his own way, and rejoices that some one undertakes the business. If he desires it, troops and every kind of support are granted to him. But he does not trouble himself about that:—from his regiment, and from amongst the country people, all of whom he knows intimately, he has chosen a few efficient fellows. He pays spies everywhere, and wherever suspicious characters appear, he is upon them before they dream of it. He has killed with his own hand full a dozen of the boldest and most dreaded of the robbers, and they now fear him so much, that you may travel with a bag full of money in your hand through the whole kingdom, without a hair of your head being hurt. He caused all the plunder which he took from the robbers, (and it was enough to make him rich) to be ad-

vertised in the papers, in order that the owners might declare themselves, and people have thus recovered things, which they had long ceased to think of. Yes, Caballeros," concluded the narrator, "Don Bernardino has done as much in three years as Elio, who called himself king of Valencia, did in six."

"A brave gentleman!" cried the country people—"one would think he was a Castilian, for who would believe so much good of a Valencian? You know, no doubt, what the proverb says of Valencia. 'The meat is grass; the grass water, the men women, and the women nothing at all.'"

The Catalonian now stood up, greeted the company, paid his reckoning, and went away.

"You snatch in your money, Montañes, as if you were gulping a draught of rhubarb," said Antonio to the master of the booth. "Yet you must have plenty of it."

"Well," said the other crabbedly, "and if I do not starve at the business, it is hard that an

Asturian of old nobility, and still older Christianity, one who has had the honour of serving under the butler of his excellency the Duke of Villahermosa—that I should wait upon this canaille, of which the greater part have more Moorish than Christian blood in their veins.”

“Well, well,” said Antonio, laughing, “you make them pay dear enough for the honour, I dare say, and if they only drink your wine and pay for it, you need not mind the colour of their blood.”

“Yes, drink and pay,” replied the Montañes, “if they did drink it! but if the Arragonese, the Catalonians, and other old Christians from the other side of the Sierra Morena did not drink it, I might drink my Valdepeñas, my Yepes, and Peroximenez, myself. Such wines! that you could not find better in the cellar of his excellency the Duke of Villahermosa himself. Only look yourself, and see how the Andalusian

coxcombs stand round the witch there, the gipsy, with their mouths open, and gape at her black eyes, instead of setting themselves down here like honest men, to a good draught of wine and some rational conversation like yourselves Caballeros!—Such fellows as those never pour anything down their throats but water, and never chew any thing but a cigar!”

The two countrymen also, who had hitherto given Antonio their society, now broke up, and he remained alone, looking out impatiently to see whether his brother was coming. Meantime, in the small booth of the gipsy things were going on more and more gaily, and loud bursts of laughter accompanied the repartees, which each young man in his turn received from the coy wench.

“Ha, Gitanilla!” with a languishing glance, said a young student, whose *black gown* and high hat distinguished him amongst the crowd—while he asked for a glass of water—“Gita-

nilla, what use is it to me, that your little hand reaches me this cold water, whilst your eyes scorch my heart and brain?"

"Eh, what a pity!" said the girl mockingly; "but is it my fault, Sir Licenciado, if the straw in your head catches fire so easily?"

Whilst the young son of the muses in vain thought of some answer, which should be worthy of him, the girl repeated with a clear voice the Seguidilla, which her unhappy adorer had interrupted.

Suddenly, however, she cried, "Look there, children! there comes one whom you are not worthy to hand water to!—you run after me, and I after him! Welcome Esteban! charm of my heart! pink of my soul!" cried the wild girl, springing up to a young man, who came galloping towards her on a fiery Andalusian horse, and pulled up before her booth. Behind him sat, with graceful confidence, a girl, whose face was covered by her mantilla.

The rider, who was Esteban Lara, jumped

lightly from the saddle, lifted the maiden carefully down, and said soothingly to her, "Be calm, sister, there is Antonio."

The gipsy wanted to stop him with a jest, but he motioned her back rather sharply, "Let me alone at present, Paca, I have other things to do."

The gipsy tried to keep her jesting tone, and said, "Well! only not so rudely—for me you can."

But her eye flashed fire, and suddenly carried away by her passion, she cried with half-choked voice, looking at the veiled Dolores with a threatening glance, "But you shall not have him! cursed be the mother that bore you!" and immediately drawing out a small knife, she seemed about to fulfil her threat, when Esteban remarked her motions, and said, grasping her arm at the same time—"You are a fool, Paquita! it is my sister Dolores—only be quiet and I will come by-and-bye to you."

Dolores had retreated a step or two at the

threatening movements of Paquita, and had thrown back her mantilla, while she gazed at the girl half frightened, and half astonished.

No sooner had Paquita beheld the features of her supposed rival, and heard Esteban's words, than she ran weeping towards Dolores, and said, covering her hand with kisses—"Ah, Señorita, forgive me for the sake of the Holy Virgin of Guadaloupe—you are, no doubt, as good as you are handsome, and you will pardon a poor girl, who becomes a fool on account of her wicked companions."

Dolores, did not know for the moment what to do, but to kiss the girl on her mouth, and to assure her of her forgiveness; but Esteban put an end to her embarrassment, by saying, "Come, sister;—we shall meet again Paquita;" at the same time he moved quickly towards the booth, whither Dolores followed him.

The surrounding people willingly made room for them both, partly because Esteban was known, partly from civility to his sister. Be-

hind her back they expressed, in the liveliest manner, the impression which Dolores' beauty had made upon them—"God bless the mother that gave you birth!"—"The Holy Virgin bless your black eyes, my queen!"—"Ha! by the life of God, what a walk!"—"Long live the Andalusian salt."* Such, and similar exclamations, resounded behind Dolores, whilst Paquita drying her tears, made herself again ready for action, to repel all the attacks which now broke in upon her from every side.

* Sal;—Salero; are very usual terms in Andalusia, applied to female grace and charms. For instance, Salero del alma—salt-cellar of my soul—tiene mucha sal—est muy salada—she has a great deal of salt. Such expressions, indeed, are difficult to translate, and are only understood when one has heard their application. The words, Taleo, Zandunga, belong to the same class, but can be understood exclusively in Andalusia, since the thing itself, this peculiar grace of the Andalusian women, is not met with anywhere else. Even the word, *gracia*, is not to be translated; it is not only grace, but the idea of roguish wit is joined with it. La gracia Andaluz, is proverbial in Spain, and the Spaniards say of the beauties of the north—son bonitas, pero no tienen gracia—they are pretty, but they have no gracia.

Antonio, who had been conversing with the Montañes exactly at the moment when Esteban arrived, remarked their entrance, and ran to meet them. Dolores rushed into his arms, exclaiming with joy, "Praised be the Holy Mother of God—at least you are saved!" Esteban shook his brother's hand and said, "The poor girl! she has cried and prayed enough on your account. It was said an ecclesiastic had been shot. You should have followed my advice at Cordova: do so at least now, and take the girl immediately to the Posada.—There, sister, said he, suddenly interrupting himself, and turning to Dolores, look out there for yourself a handkerchief or a chain, or whatever you like—I have something to say to Antonio;" Dolores then sat down at some distance, awaiting the end of the conversation, and observing them both with great anxiety.

"I feel as if there would be some disturbance here," continued Esteban, speaking lower to Antonio: "the Solano blows," and he added in

a whisper, "I know that Christoval is here. Such affairs are not suited to you, and you are more fit to take care of the girl than I am. Who knows too, if Christoval will not have need of my assistance!"

CHAPTER VI.

FAIR OF MAIRENA.—*Continued.*

THE sun had gone down, without the gradual transition of twilight; and, as if by the stroke of magic, the dark blue sky of the night, glimmering with stars, had spread itself over the earth. The cattle had been driven away from the place; the noise of the fair had a little subsided, and small separate groups were assembled all round the square, under the scattered clumps of trees, and in front of the neighbouring houses. The enlivening clatter of the castanets, the sound of the guitar and of song, swelled on all sides through the still air, not unmixed occasionally with more hostile sounds—curses of the players, and threatening words.

A crowd of young men, of the national militia of Cordova, had assembled by degrees before the tent of the Montañes, and made the night resound with their patriotic, or if you will, party songs of that time. "Long live Riego!"—"Long live the constitution!" were some of the modes in which they closed their song. A few horsemen, who were smoking their cigars in the neighbourhood, and whose eager glances followed the wine-skin as it made its round actively amongst the young men, cried, joining in with them, "Long may they live!"—"Long live the national militia!" These horsemen were immediately invited by the merry youths to join their party, in order to moisten their patriotism with a draught of wine, and they did not require to be asked twice. Soon the mirth of this group became louder, and their mocking melody of the "*tragala!*" seemed to throw out defiance, so that the more peaceable amongst the bystanders moved away, whilst at the same time from without, fresh people con-

tinually pressed on, as is usually the case on such occasions, when there is any prospect of a quarrel.

Antonio had in vain looked out for a favorable moment to take his sister away; and thus all three brothers and sister remained in the booth;—Antonio uneasy and concerned about his sister—Esteban excited, and ready for conflict—and Dolores tolerably quiet, because relying on the protection of her brothers.

At a short distance from that noisy group above-mentioned, some soldiers of the provincial militia* were sitting together in quiet conversa-

* The Provincial Militia is an old institution in Spain, and it is saying no little in its praise, to add, that it answers in many respects to the Landwehr. as it exists in Prussia. According to the constitution of the Cortes, these militias could not be employed out of their Provinces, without the express consent of the Legislative Assembly. But the insurrection in Catalonia and Arragon made it necessary in 1822 and 23, to have recourse to such means, and several battalions were sent thither from the western and southern Provinces. This, and the general interruption which their agricultural labours suffered from fre-

tion. One of the horsemen remarked them, and cried, "Look there at those confounded Serviles of the national militia? Have the rascals once shouted with us, "Long live Riego?" One of the infantry soldiers answered sturdily, "What does Riego concern us? without him and your constitution, we might now remain at home and get in our harvest, and should not be obliged to march to Catalonia to fight against the Russians and Turks, and I don't know what else!"

"Let us alone," said another "you are drunk!"

The dispute was continued on both sides with vehement language, yet no one had the inclination to commence actual hostilities. Suddenly, however, heavy footsteps and the jingle of spurs were heard approaching, and some horsemen of the carbineer regiment of General Freire pressed themselves through the assembled crowd. They

quent military training and other causes, had excited some discontent which was carefully fostered by the intrigues of the Serviles.

were large powerful fellows, old soldiers, whose military bearing contrasted as much with the many-coloured new coats of the national militia, as their well-preserved and careful uniform did with that of the light horsemen of the Alcantara regiment, who, like all Spanish regiments of the line, were in the most miserable condition.

An old quartermaster, with a sun-burnt and bearded face, covered with scars, stepped, without saying a word, up to the horseman who had begun the dispute, and with the contemptuous words, "Away with this trumpery!" he tore from him a ribbon with a constitutional device and colours, such as the so-called liberal regiments then wore, spit upon it, and trod it contemptuously under foot.

So unexpected an outrage was followed by a momentary silence; but soon, from the side of the Milicianos, resounded the cry of "Down with the dogs!" "Down with the carbineers!" "Long live Riego!" Their adversaries, on the

other hand, though much fewer in number, showed no desire to decline the combat, but rather courted it by insulting speeches. Already some sabre cuts had been given; already had some of the young men, pressing forward too boldly, received slight wounds; when an officer, whom Antonio immediately recognised as the Marquis of Peñaflores, threw himself between the combatants, and with loud curses and reproaches, ordered them to be quiet.

His own people went away grumbling, yet, as it appeared, not very dissatisfied at being spared the doubtful conflict with the formidable cuirassiers. The young volunteers, also, who knew the Marquis, obeyed him the more willingly, as he promised to take care that the guilty should be punished; but the carbineers shewed not the smallest inclination to obey his orders, and when he repeated them in the name of the constitution, the old quartermaster cried contemptuously, "To the devil with your constitution!" Let your beard grow first, young gentleman,

and then ask again about it; you have no right to command us."

The young officer, animated by a fanatical respect for Riego and the Constitution, now rushed in furiously upon his powerful adversary, but was suddenly held back by Mendizabal, who had come up in the meantime. "Give yourself no trouble, Marquis," said he, "they are my men, and I will speak to them. Besides, the nut might be too hard for your young teeth, in spite of your last heroic deeds," he added scornfully; then, turning towards the horsemen, "Children," said he, "sheathe your swords, and go to the Posada and saddle—we must ride through the night."

Irritated by the personal offence which was contained in Mendizabal's words, and still more by the indifference with which he appeared to treat the offence of his men, the Marquis called to him with vehemence, "How, captain! is that the way you treat these rascals who have in-

sulted our holy constitution ? I shall bring you to an account for your contempt, and they also shall not escape the just punishment of their offence."

"Just as it pleases you, my young hero," said Mendizabal, sneering, "but you will do well to make haste about it." With these words he turned his back upon him and together with his men, soon disappeared in the darkness.

The Marquis required some moments to collect himself, and cried at last, looking round with threatening glances, "No one shall dare, in my presence, to insult the Constitution and the hero of Las Cabezas."

Suddenly, a deep voice from the crowd which surrounded him, cried, "Down with the Constitution ! to the seventh hell with Riego !" And, at the same time, a man stepped forward, wrapped up in his mantle, and his large hat pulled deep over his face. The officer, uncertain what he was to think of this unexpected opponent, cried, "Who are you ? What do you want ?—In the

name of the King and Constitution deliver yourself prisoner."

At the first word of the disguised man, Dolores was on the point of springing to him, with the words, "Jesus Maria! it is Christoval!" But her brother, and the young gipsy girl, who had joined her in the meantime, held her back. Christoval himself, throwing hastily his hat on the ground, and swinging back his cloak, which he at the same time twisted round his arm, stood, in a moment with his drawn knife in his hand, ready for the conflict. Remarking the movement of Dolores, he called to her, "For the love of God, girl, keep back! Esteban, hold her back!" Then looking round, "And you, Caballeros, keep quiet! I have an account to settle with the young gentleman there. You do not know me, sir, you say," he continued, as he turned towards the officer, "but I know you—you are one who has ruined me. Recollect the Venta de Gualdiaro. You are the murderer of the brave

Pedro Gomez. His blood still sticks to your sabre, and blood will have blood !”

With these words, Christoval pressed in upon his adversary. The latter could not conceal from himself the danger of his situation. All round him, he saw, by the uncertain light of the torches, either curious or indifferent countenances, whilst single Embozados* darted gloomy and unfriendly glances at him. He knew very well that he was hated by the lower classes of the people in the neighbourhood, and by the Serviles, on account of the zeal with which he had

* We think ourselves authorised to make use of this Spanish expression; because, what it denotes can only be rendered by circumlocution, or by description. Embozarse means to throw one end of the loose Spanish cloak over the other shoulder, so that the face is concealed up to the eyes. If there is a hat, with a broad brim, in addition, the Embozado cannot be recognised; on which account, people, who, for any reason do not wish to be known, use the Embozo. It is forbidden to pass a sentry with the Embozo, or to retain it in churches.

distinguished himself in the pursuit of robbers, contrabandists, and people of that description. He hesitated then a short time, whether he should engage in a duel with such an enemy, or should call in the arm of the law to his assistance; but, the desire of adventure, natural to so young a man, rose within him, and he was ashamed, when opposed only to a single adversary, to have the appearance of calling for help. He was also not certain that it would be of any use to him, for not one of those present seemed to have any inclination to support his cause. Some people, indeed, wished to interpose, but the majority called out, "Let them alone! let them alone!" Others said, "Now, Majo, courage! courage!—show what you can do, Caballero!" But Esteban stepped forward, and cried, with a threatening look and voice, "Whoever meddles in this quarrel, will have to do with me. Let them alone to settle their affairs, like brave fellows as they are! Now, take it quietly, Christoval!"

Antonio, even before Christoval came forward, had hastened from the place to ask for a patrol, from the post which was established before the Parish-house, in the village, for the preservation of order; for he saw well, that his personal interference alone, could be of no use. But, as it proved afterwards, he had not only missed the way, but had found the leader of the post, who belonged to the provincial militia, by no means inclined to comply with his request.

Dolores, who well knew the wild character of her brother, and, therefore, did not venture on any interference; and, besides, felt little about the whole affair, except anxiety for Christoval, awaited the event in fearful prayer; while Paquita spoke courage to her, amidst the most tender caresses. "Only be calm, my angel, only be quite quiet, my Rose," she whispered to her, "not a hair of Christoval will be injured. Do not cry so, my life—believe me, for I understand the matter. Christoval, with his knife, has nothing to fear from the long sabre. The young

officer may say his last Ave, if he has not forgotten it—the impious freemason ! And, yet, it is a pity ; for he is a smart youth.”

The extraordinary combat had, in the meantime, begun. Not unacquainted with the fearful weapon of his antagonist, and with the only means of escaping it, the officer stood in a calm attitude on his ground, with his right arm drawn back, ready either to cut or thrust. He knew he was lost, without hope of escape, if he did not lay his antagonist low at the first stroke, and he followed his movements, with eyes and body in high-wrought attention. Christoval, in the meantime, bent forward, in an almost cowering position behind his cloak, which was stretched out far before him on his left arm, while in his right hand he held his long knife, the blade of which of two fingers’ breadth, diminished gradually to a fine point, and was hollowed out below for the convenience of thrusting. In this attitude he slid round his adversary, in circles gradually smaller, watching, with glowing eyes,

his every motion. It was evident, that the latter was gradually losing his patience, while his fiery courage excited him to make a speedy end of the affair.

“He is lost !” quietly remarked an old bull-fighter, who stood amongst the crowd, and observed the fight with the eye of a connoisseur.

The cloak now seemed to slip from Christoval’s left arm, and whilst he endeavoured to gather it up again, he exposed himself, in some degree, to his adversary, who, thinking the right moment had arrived, rushed forward, and aimed a powerful blow at his adversary’s head ; but sank, at the same moment to the ground, with a faint cry. The apparent slipping off of the cloak was only a feint of Christoval’s, by which he might mislead his adversary into some imprudent movement. Receiving the blow on his cloak, he sprang forward, at the same moment, with the quickness of lightning on his adversary, like the tiger on his prey, and thrust the knife from below, under the ribs, into his

left side ; and such was the force of the blow, together with that of the spring, that he tore the unhappy man's body open, completely across, so that the trunk only hung to the under-body by the bones of the spine, while the numerous layers of his thick woollen cloak had defended Christoval from every injury.

"God be merciful to his poor soul !" said he, with an agitation which he with difficulty suppressed, while the persons around, keeping silence for a moment, gazed on the terrific wound.

"Well struck, Christoval !" cried Esteban at last, giving his hand to his cousin ; "but now, away ! I hear the Round. My horse is standing yonder ; give Dolores a kiss, and away !"

"With my bloody hand ?" said Christoval. "Never ! the poor dear child !" And addressing to Dolores, who had witnessed his victory with horror, a painful farewell, he flung himself on Esteban's horse, which was tied up near the booth, and forcing him with a bold leap over the

Cactus hedge, in a few minutes the gallop of the horse died away in the distance. At the same time, the rattling of arms, and quick steps were heard to approach.

The spectators of the deadly game escaped quickly in the darkness, and immediately afterwards Antonio appeared on the Place, at the head of some soldiers. Esteban, who was occupied about his half-lifeless sister, only staid to call to him—"Take care of our sister, till we meet!" and then pushing aside some soldiers, who appeared to intend detaining him, he disappeared amongst the crowd of people, which the report of what had happened had drawn to the spot.

The soldiers lifted up with difficulty the fearfully mutilated body, in order to bring it to the guard-house. Antonio, forgetting every thing else, hastened to his sister, who had somewhat recovered herself in Paquita's arms. "Christoval is concealed," said she, "and there comes your brother, Antonio—I must away."

She added in a low voice, "There stands my father calling me, but you shall have news of Christoval—rely on me."

Dolores gratefully pressed the hand of her consoler upon her lips, and followed her brother, who conducted her to the Posada, where an elderly female relative, who had accompanied her to Mairena, was waiting for her.

The gay proceedings on the Place were only interrupted for a short time by this event, and the night was enlivened by sounds of music and the dance, till the break of morning.

CHAPTER VII.

THE RETURN TO CORDOVA.

ANTONIO'S business with the spiritual authorities of Cordova obliged him to return to that city for some days; and as he did not like to send his sister home without a safe escort, and Esteban had not yet been heard of, it was decided that Dolores, with her relation, should accompany him to Cordova, from whence he would himself take her home to Benamexi.

They reached Cordova without any further interruption, and found a hospitable reception in the house of a friend of the family.

Antonio was astonished at the extraordinary

composure with which after a few days, Dolores considered the fearful event she had witnessed, and it cost him no little trouble, to explain this phenomenon to himself psychologically, and to understand his sister's feelings. What struck him most in it was, not alone the ease with which the child supported the physical and mental impression, which such a circumstance was calculated to make on her, but still more the opinion she seemed to entertain of it, in a moral point of view. He had judged his sister according to the influence which a similar event would have had on the females whom he had had opportunities of observing during an exile of ten years in foreign countries. He had not only expected a violent shock of her nervous system and her health, but also a total change in her feelings towards a man whom she must now detest as a murderer, and who could only inspire her with horror, after she had been witness to a dreadful homicide committed by him. Antonio, indeed, desired that result, as

he could not possibly approve of his sister's connexion with such a person ; but he also feared the consequences of the conflict between the remains of a defeated passion, and the moral conviction of the unworthiness of its object. He considered it, therefore, his duty to make this struggle as light as possible to her, inasmuch, as he intended, as might be supposed, to put himself on the side of her moral conviction. But he soon found, to his great astonishment, that his consolation and his advice were not at all needed, and, moreover, that he had been wholly mistaken in expecting from her the feelings and ideas of a more refined civilization. Dolores, indeed, had not been educated in the house of her parents, but in a convent in Granada, through which her nature had received a milder, quieter, and more retired character, than was to be expected from a girl of her class. Nevertheless, she had lived long enough with her family to share their views and ideas, on connections and ac-

tions such as those of her cousin Christoval, without accounting to herself very exactly for them ; and as to the shock of the physical impression which such a spectacle was likely to create in females of another country, Antonio forgot that Dolores, like all her countrywomen, was accustomed to see with delight, at bull fights, the dangers, the victory, the defeat, the blood and the wounds, which the struggle of cool courage and bold address against the wild ungovernable rage of the formidable animal, generally exhibits.

During the first few days, after the above occurrence, Antonio was prevented by pressing business and other circumstances, from speaking to his sister, except for a few moments at a time ; but he remarked thus much, that it was only anxiety for Christoval's personal safety, which frightened the accustomed childish joyfulness from her lovely features, and made her silent and thoughtful. But if Antonio, who was besides anxious about his bro-

ther, who had given no tidings of himself, spoke with her on this point, a few minutes were sufficient to turn *her* into the consoler, and she then was angry with her brother, because he could believe that Christoval or Esteban would allow themselves to be taken so easily.

In the mean time, she went more constantly than ever to prayers and mass ; and after some days, she asked her brother one morning to accompany her to church ; as he prepared to fulfil her request, he said, smiling, “but you are too devout, Dolorcitas ; you will become at last quite a little nun.”

“No — not quite ;” replied she, “what would Christoval say ?” She paused and blushed ; but immediately continued, “No, but I have vowed to pray two hundred Ave Marias, and two hundred Paternosters for the soul of the poor young officer, before the cross of the prisoner. Ah ! brother, I should so like to have a few masses read for his soul, and I

imagine he must want them sadly, for he was one of those wicked liberals who believe in nothing."

Dolores had become quite angry as she used this last expression ; but appearing suddenly to recollect that her brother also was a liberal, she kissed his hand in great confusion. "You are quite right, Dolores," he said, smiling, "you must certainly have masses read for the poor marquis."

The girl looked at him distrustfully, and said, "Yes — but I have got no money. I'll tell you what, brother ; go with me to the goldsmith's, and we will sell my little gold chain ; and then we can order the masses directly. — It is true," she added, sorrowfully, as she took the chain from her neck, "that Christoval himself gave it me ; but it is his fault."

Antonio assured his sister she might keep the chain, for he would pay for the masses, and she then sprang on joyfully before him, till they reached the cathedral, and were in the forest of its pillars.

In one of the columns of dark green jasper, a rudely shapen cross is indented, which is called the Cruz del Cautivo, and it stands high in the veneration of the Cordovese. A captive christian, says the legend, was bound to this pillar, and was forced to witness the abominations of the Mussulmen, and their mockery of his holy faith. He scratched, however, with his finger-nails, this cross in the hard stone, thus taking possession as it were, of the temple of the false prophet, in the name of the Holy Redeemer. When the cross was completed, the prisoner was condemned to the death of a martyr; but a few days after the king, St. Ferdinand, conquered the city, and consecrated the mosque of the unbelievers as the cathedral of the new bishopric of Cordova.

Dolores was kneeling devoutly before this cross, in order to discharge a part of the holy debt which she had taken upon her, for the soul of the murdered man, when suddenly, a well-known voice, whispered in her ear, "Christoval

salutes you, Señorita; he is as healthy as a fish, and as free as an eagle."

Dolores sprang up, and had just time to recognise the young gipsy girl, who was hastening away, and turning as she departed, with her mantilla thrown back, saluted her friend with many lively signals from her fan. She ran out directly to look for her brother, who remarking her countenance beaming with joy, went to meet her. "Well sister, what is the news now? — you look as joyful as an Easter morning." "Christoval!" — answered Dolores — but she could for the moment speak no more, for sheer joy. — "Did I not tell you, Antonio," added she, proudly, "that Christoval would not allow himself to be taken by the Milicianos and soldiers? he sends his greetings to me, and is free."

"But Dolores," answered Antonio, "can you then really still love this man after the crime he has committed, to which you yourself were a witness?"

Dolores looked at her brother with a surprised and inquiring air, and he continued, not without some embarrassment, as to the way in which he should treat such perverseness, "Consider, Dolores, that Christoval is a robber, a murderer, an impious man."

"Christoval impious!" cried Dolores, almost angrily: "ah Antonio, if you knew how good and pious he is!—before the Milicianos took away his goods and ruined him, and wanted to shut him up according to their law, he never injured any one. It was always he who re-established peace, when the wild Esteban had begun a quarrel, exactly as you did formerly, Antonio. Ah! if you were only as pious as he is!" she added timidly,—“only ask old father Hilario at home, who always said it was a sad pity that he had not been made a clergyman—Hilario taught him to read and write.”

"But Dolores," said Antonio gravely, "did not the Pater teach him that our Lord says, 'Thou shalt not kill'?"

Weeping, but eagerly, and without being in the least convinced, Dolores answered, "But Christoval could not do otherwise; he must certainly revenge himself and his friend, for he had known Pedro Gomez a long time, and Pedro once saved his life, when the French were going to shoot him because he would not be their guide."

"But Dolores, it is, as you know, a deadly sin—be reasonable, girl," said Antonio, impatient, that his sister could not comprehend such simple things.

"Ah, brother, I know that very well," she now said, having collected herself in the mean time, and only anxious to end the conversation, in order to be able to rejoice undisturbed over the news she had received of Christoval,—“that I well know, and Christoval knows it too, but Christoval is really pious, and our holy mother the church will certainly forgive him—only ask Father Hilario. I, indeed, am only a poor simple girl—but it will certainly be as I say.”

“But Christoval,” persisted Antonio, “has broken the law ; he is a criminal, and must come under the punishment of the law.” Antonio did not think it right to derange the religious belief of his sister, and was afraid of losing her confidence ; yet he found, to his grief, that the wilful girl was quite tranquil also on this side of the question, and was not to be convinced. “Punishment !” she answered laughing, “they must first catch him ! how can Christoval help it if the law forbid him to kill his enemy ? You are indeed extraordinary, Antonio,” she continued, now become impatient in her turn, “he did not *assassinate* the young officer, although I was very much frightened—it was childish of me to be so, and Christoval is certainly angry with me—but I saw it very well.”

“Girl, you are gone mad,” cried Antonio, “You know that Christoval is a robber.”

“Well, but surely that is a lucky thing,” replied Dolores, again laughing, “or otherwise Pedro would certainly have shot you.— But

brother," she continued, when she saw that Antonio was going to protest against this argumentum ad hominem, "how can I help what Christoval does? I am only a simple girl, and he must know best what he ought to do: he would laugh at me well if I were to talk to him about it, and I am only glad Esteban has not heard all you have been saying."

They had in the meantime reached the house, and were both glad, although for different reasons, to put an end to the conversation. On the landing place (Zaguan,) Rojas came forward to meet them, still somewhat pale, and leaning on a stick, but as merry as ever. His slight wound was healed, and he had left Carmona to go to Granada, through Cordova; but when he heard that Antonio and his sister intended to remain some days longer in Cordova, it suddenly occurred to him, that he also had important business in that city, and he accepted very eagerly the invitation of the mistress of the house, who appeared pleased with

him, and who offered him according to Spanish custom, her house during the time of his sojourn there. This offer, in truth, must not be taken literally, any more than similar forms of politeness in other countries ; but it gives the right to the stranger to go every evening to the Tertulla if he likes it, and expects to find an object there which attracts him. This was now incontestably the case with Rojas ; and in a certain sense he told the truth, when he said that important business kept him in Cordova. Dolores' arch laugh, too, proved that she understood this very well ; and, relieved from her anxiety about Christoval, she met the jokes and flatteries of the young man with unrestrained good humour.

ROMANCE MUY DOLOROSO DEL SITIO Y
TOMA DE ALHAMA.*.

El qual dezia en Arabigo assi.

Passeavase el Rey Moro
Por la ciudad de Granada,
Desde las puertas de Elvira
Hasta las de Bivarambla.

Ay de mi, Alhama !

Cartas le fueron venidas
Que Alhama era ganada.
Las cartas echò en el fuego,
Y al mensagero matava.

Ay de mi, Alhama !

Descavalga de una mula,
Y en un cavallo cavalga.
Por el Zacatin arriba
Subido se avia al Alhambra.

Ay de mi, Alhama !

Como en el Alhambra estuvo,
Al mismo punto mandava
Que se toquen las trompetas
Con anafiles de plata.

Ay de mi, Alhama !

Y que atambores de guerra
Apriessa toquen alarma ;
Por que lo oygan sus Moros,
Los de la Vega y Granada.

Ay de mi, Alhama !

* The effect of the original ballad—which existed both in Spanish and Arabic—was such that it was forbidden to be sung by the Moors on pain of death, within Granada.

Los Moros que el son oyeron,
Que al sangriento Marte llama,
Uno a uno, y dos a dos,
Un gran esquadron, formavan.

Ay de mi, Alhama!

Alli habló un Moro viejo ;
Desta manera hablava :
Para que nos llamas rey ?
Para que es esta llamada ?

Ay de mi, Alhama!

Aveys de saber, amigos,
Una nueva desdichada ;
Que Christianos, con braveza,
Ya nos han tomado Alhama.

Ay de mi, Alhama

Alli habló un viejo Alfaqui,
De barba crecida y cana :
Bien se te emplea, buen rey,
Buen rey ; bien se te empleava.

Ay de mi, Alhama!

Mataste los Bencerrages,
Que era la flor de Granada :
Cogiste los tornadizos
De Cordova la nombruda.

Ay de mi, Alhama!

Por esso mereces, rey,
Una pena bien doblada ;
Que te pierdas tu y el reyno,
Y que se pierda Granada.

Ay de mi, Alhama!

Si no se respetan leyes,
Es ley que todo se pierda ;
Y que se pierda Granada,
Y que te pierdas en ella.

Ay de mi, Alhama !

Fuego por los ojos vierte,
El rey que esto oyera.
Y como el otro de leyes
De leyes tambien hablava.

Ay de mi, Alhama !

Sabe un rey que no ay leyes
De darle a reyes disgusto
Esso dize el Rey Moro
Relinchando de colera.

Ay de mi, Alhama !

Moro Alfaqui, Moro Alfaqui,
El de la vellida barba,
El rey te manda prender,
Por la perdida de Alhama !

Ay de mi, Alhama !

Y cortarte la cabeza,
Y ponerla en el Alhambra,
Por que a ti castigo sea
Y otros tiemblen en miralla

Ay de mi, Alhama !

Cavalleros, hombres buenos,
Dezid de mi parte al rey,
Al rey Moro de Granada,
Como no le devo nada.

Ay de mi, Alhama !

De averse Alhama perdido
A mi me pesa en el alma.
Que si el rey perdiò sa tierra,
Otro mucho mas perdiera.

Ay de mi, Alhama !

Perdieran hijos padres,
Y casados las casadas ;
Las cosas que mas amara
Perdiò l'un y el otro fama.

Ay de mi, Alhama !

Perdi una hija donzella
Que era la flor d'esta tierra,
Cien doblas dava por ella
No me las estimo en nada.

Ay de mi, Alhama !

Diziendo assi al hacen Alfaqui,
Le cortaron la cabeça,
Y la elevan al Alhambra,
Assi comò el rey lo manda.

Ay de mi, Alhama !

Hombres, minos y mugeres,
Lloran tan grande perdida,
Lloravan todas las damas
Quantas en Granada avia.

Ay de mi, Alhama !

Por las calles y ventanas
Mucho luto parecia ;
Llora el rey como fembra
Qu'es mucho lo que perdia.

Ay de mi, Alhama !

A VERY MOURNFUL BALLAD ON THE SIEGE AND CONQUEST OF ALHAMA.

Which in the Arabic language is to the following purport.

The Moorish king rides up and down
Through Granada's royal town ;
From Elvira's gates to those
Of Bivarambla on he goes.

Woe is me, Alhama !

Letters to the monarch tell
How Alhama's city fell :
In the fire the scroll he threw,
And the messenger he slew.

Woe is me, Alhama !

He quits his mule and mounts his horse,
And through the street directs his course ;
Through the street of Zacatin
To the Alhambra spurring in.

Woe is me, Alhama !

When the Alhambra walls he gain'd
On the moment he ordain'd
That the trumpet straight should sound
With the silver clarion round.

Woe is me, Alhama !

And when the hollow drums of war
Beat the loud alarm afar,
That the Moors of town and plain
Might answer to the martial strain ;

Woe is me, Alhama !

Then the Moors, by this aware
That bloody Mars recall'd them there,
One by one, and two by two,
To a mighty squadron grew.

Woe is me, Alhama !

Out then spake an aged Moor
In these words the king before :
“ Wherefore call on us, O king ?
What may mean this gathering ?”

Woe is me, Alhama !

“ Friends ! ye have, alas ! to know
Of a most disastrous blow,
That the Christians stern and bold,
Have attain'd Alhama's hold.”

Woe is me, Alhama !

Out then spake old Alfaqui,
With his beard so white to see,
“ Good king ! thou art justly served.
Good king ! this thou hast deserved.

Woe is me, Alhama !

“ By thee were slain in evil hour,
The Abencerrage, Granada's flower ;
And strangers were received by thee
Of Cordova the chivalry.

Woe is me, Alhama !

“ And for this, O king ! is sent
On thee a double chastisement ;
Thee and thine, thy crown and realm,
One last wreck shall overwhelm.

Woe is me, Alhama !

“ He who holds no laws in awe,
He must perish by the law ;
And Granada must be won,
And thyself with her undone.”

Woe is me, Alhama !

Fire flash'd from out the old Moor's eyes,
The monarch's wrath began to rise,
Because he answer'd, and because
He spake exceeding well of laws.

Woe is me, Alhama !

“ There is no law to say such things
As may disgust the ear of kings :”
Thus, snorting with his choler, said
The Moorish king, and doom'd him dead.

Woe is me, Alhama !

Moor Alfaqui ! Moor Alfaqui !
Though thy beard so hoary be,
The king hath sent to have thee seized,
For Alhama's loss displeased.

Woe is me, Alhama !

And to fix thy head upon
High Alhambra's loftiest stone ;
That this for thee should be the law,
And others tremble when they saw.

Woe is me, Alhama !

“ Cavalier and man of worth !
Let these words of mine, go forth ;
Let the Moorish monarch know,
That to him I nothing owe.

Woe is me, Alhama !

“ But on my soul Alhama weighs,
And on my inmost spirit preys ;
And if the king this land hath lost,
Yet others may have lost the most.

Woe is me, Alhama !

“ Sires have lost their children, wives
Their lords, and valiant men their lives ;
One what best his love might claim
Hath lost, another wealth, or fame.

Woe is me, Alhama !

“ I lost a damsel in that hour,
Of all the land the loveliest flower ;
Doubloons a hundred I would pay,
And think her ransom cheap that day.”

Woe is me, Alhama !

And as these things the old Moor said,
They sever'd from the trunk his head ;
And to the Alhambra's wall with speed
'Twas carried, as the king decreed.

Woe is me, Alhama !

And men and infants therein weep
Their loss, so heavy and so deep :
Granada's ladies, all she rears
Within her walls, burst into tears.

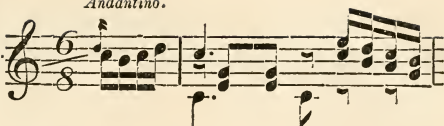
Woe is me, Alhama !

And from the windows o'er the walls
The sable web of mourning falls ;
The king weeps as a woman o'er
His loss, for it is much and sore.

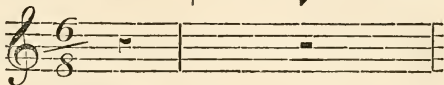
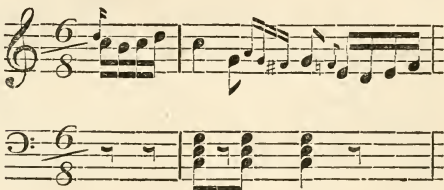
Woe is me, Alhama !

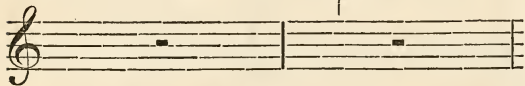
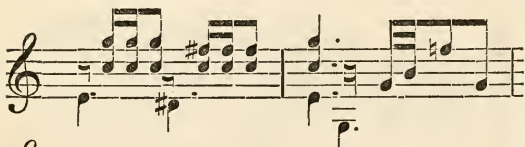
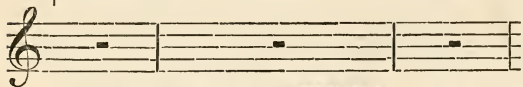
Andantino.

GUITAR.

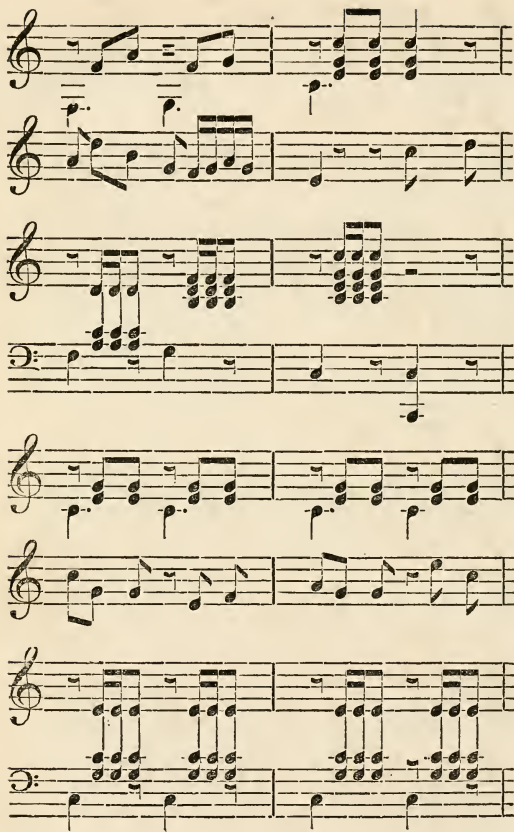


VOICE.

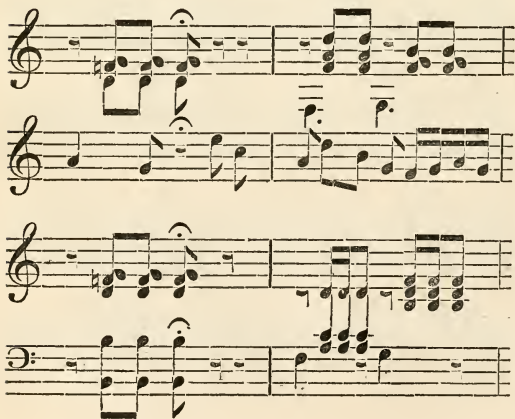
PIANO
FORTE.



This page contains seven systems of musical notation. The first four systems each consist of a treble staff and a bass staff. The first system has a treble staff with eighth-note patterns and a bass staff with dotted half notes. The second system has a treble staff with a whole rest followed by eighth notes, and a bass staff with a whole rest. The third system has a treble staff with eighth-note patterns and a bass staff with eighth notes. The fourth system has a treble staff with a whole rest and a bass staff with eighth notes. Each of these four systems ends with a repeat sign. The fifth system consists of a single treble staff with eighth-note patterns. The sixth system consists of a single treble staff with eighth-note patterns. The seventh system consists of a treble staff with eighth-note patterns and a bass staff with eighth notes.







This musical score is arranged in two systems, each containing four staves. The first system (top) features a treble staff with a complex melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, a vocal line with a dotted half note and a half note, and two piano accompaniment staves. The second system (bottom) continues the composition with similar textures, including a treble staff with a melodic line, a vocal line with a dotted half note and a half note, and two piano accompaniment staves. The notation includes various musical symbols such as clefs, notes, rests, and bar lines.



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Stories of Spanish life; ed. by Craufurd. Vol. 1

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